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CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN

OF

Goshen, Mass.,

JUNE 22, 1881.

INCLUDING

*ADDRESSES, POEMS, LETTERS, AND OTHER MATTERS RELATING
TO THE OCCASION.*

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

READING:
CHRONICLE JOB PRINT.
1881.

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SHIELD CARD

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INTRODUCTORY.

The town of Goshen was incorporated May 14th, 1781. On the approach of the One Hundredth anniversary of that event the citizens were moved to take measures for its proper observance. At the annual town meeting held March 1, 1880, Alvan Barrus, George Dresser, Hiram Packard, Timothy P. Lyman, John Henry Godfrey, Theron L. Barrus and Alonzo Shaw were chosen a committee to mature plans and make all necessary arrangements for celebrating the town's centennial birthday. The committee organized and finally decided that inasmuch as the date of incorporation, May 14, came in a busy season of the year, and liable to cool and stormy weather, that it was advisable to fix the day of celebration at a later date. It was accordingly voted to have the anniversary exercises on the 22d of June, and a card of invitation was issued in the following language:

1781 ——— WELCOME HOME. ——— 1881

All persons interested in the Town of Goshen, Mass., either by residence, marriage, descent or otherwise, are cordially invited to participate in the celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of her incorporation, June 22, 1881.

A. BARRUS, GEO. DRESSER, H. PACKARD, A. SHAW, } Committee.
J. H. GODFREY, T. P. LYMAN, T. L. BARRUS, }

The committee also adopted the following order of exercises :

1781 — CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION — 1881.

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF GOSHEN,

ON

Wednesday, June 22d, 1881.

ALVAN BARRUS, President of the Day.

T. P. LYMAN, Chief Marshal.

HIRAM BARRUS, Esq., Historian.

MRS. M. LEORA S. HOUGHTON, Poet.

REV. J. E. M. WRIGHT, Chaplain.

Centennial Committee.

ALVAN BARRUS, Chairman.

J. H. GODFREY.

GEORGE DRESSER, Sec'y.

T. P. LYMAN.

HIRAM PACKARD, Treas.

T. L. BARRUS.

ALONZO SHAW.

Exercises in R. E. Smith's Grove, one-half mile north of the center.

Procession formed near the church at 10 o'clock A. M.

Led by Haydenville Brass Band.

Chief Marshal and Aids.

President of the Day, and His Excellency, Gov. Long.

Chaplain, Historian and Poet.

Invited Guests, Members of the Press.

Sons and Daughters returned.

Marshal.

Committee of Arrangements.

Clergy, Soldiers of the late war.

Officers of Neighboring Towns, Marshal.

Citizens of Goshen and other Towns.

Exercises at the Grove.

Music by the Band.

Singing.—Hymn by Rev. J. E. M. WRIGHT.—Tune, *America*.

God of our fathers now

In reverence we bow,

Our songs we raise,

At thy blest mercy seat,

Together here we meet,
And in communion sweet
Thy name we praise.

Our fathers loved these hills,
These rocks and mountain rills,
In bygone days;
But they have passed away,
And we look back to-day
A hundred years, when they
Here sang thy praise.

May children's children know
Our father's God, and go
In wisdom's ways;
Look upward to the skies,
In truth and virtue rise,
And take the heavenly prize
In youthful days.

Let flocks and herds increase,
Let blight and mildew cease,
In coming years,
Save from devouring hail,
May nothing wrong assail,
Prosperity prevail,
Save from all fears.

May heaven's light and love
Beam on us from above
As years go by.
May future days be bright
With learning's blessed light,
Religion cheer our sight
And lead on high.

Invocation. Hymn. Prayer.

Reading Act of Corporation by Hon. Henry B. Peirce,
Sec'y of Commonwealth. Historical Address.

Anthem by Choir. Benediction.

Basket Picnic upon the Grounds, preceded by Blessing.

Free Table for distant guests, Band and Soldiers.

Returning of Thanks.

Auld Lang Syne,—Choir, Audience and Band uniting.

Address of Welcome, by the President of the Day. Poem.

Toasts, Sentiments and Responses will be a large feature of the occasion.

The programme was carried out in nearly every particular. Mrs. Houghton not being present, her poem was read by Rev. D. G. Wright, D. D. Hon. James White of Boston courteously accepted

the place assigned to the Secretary of the Commonwealth. Dea. T. L. Barrus was chosen Toastmaster, but want of time prevented the toasts being given.

The excellent report of the exercises by Editor Henry S. Gere, Esq., published in the *Hampshire Gazette* of June 28, is copied in these pages nearly entire. Several speeches delivered on the occasion have since been kindly furnished by the authors, and are also here presented.

GOSHEN'S CENTENNIAL.

A PLEASANT DAY, GREAT GATHERING, AND INTERESTING EXERCISES.

As was anticipated, the number of people gathered in Goshen on Wednesday last, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the town's incorporation, was greater than was ever seen there before. The day was fair, though cold and breezy in the morning. People came in from all the region roundabout in great numbers, and the number present must have been 2,500 to 3,000. Promptly at 10 o'clock, the procession was formed in front of the church and hotel, under the marshalship of Lieut. Timothy P. Lyman. It was led by the Haydenville Brass Band, and included a large body of veteran soldiers under the lead of Capt. C. E. Tileston of Williamsburg. Hundreds of loaded vehicles of all descriptions fell into line, swelling the procession to over a mile in length.* The grounds selected for the exercises were on land of Ralph E. Smith, about a mile north of the hotel. There, at the foot of a hill, a large platform was erected and seats provided for many, while the rising ground in front afforded favorable sitting places for hundreds more. The exercises were opened with music by the band, followed by the singing of the centennial hymn, written by Rev. Mr. Wright, the village pastor. This was sung by a large choir, to the tune of America, the audience joining. A fervent prayer was offered by Rev. Amos Dresser of Nebraska, who was distinguished in old abolition times, when to be an anti-slavery man was to be unpopular. Mr. Dresser bears upon his back the marks of twenty stripes received while distributing bibles in the South, because one of them was found wrapped in an anti-slavery paper. Then came the singing of another hymn by the choir, followed by the reading of the act of incorporation, by Hon. James White of Boston, a native of the town.* Then

* Not exactly a native: he was born in Hinsdale about two months after his parents' removal from Goshen. The petition for the incorporation of the town was drawn up by William White, Esq., grandfather of Hon. James White.

came the Historical Address by Hiram Barrus, Esq., of Boston. Mr. Barrus is a native of the town, and lived there many years. About 20 years ago, soon after President Lincoln was first inaugurated, he received a minor appointment in the Boston custom house under Collector John Z. Goodrich, and has gradually worked his way up to one of the most responsible positions, that of assistant cashier, which he now holds. He has given a great deal of time and labor to the preparation of a complete history of Goshen, which has recently appeared in book form, comprising one of the most complete town histories ever published — a credit to its author and an honor to the town. The delivering of the address occupied about an hour, and was listened to attentively by those near the speaker, but many were prevented from hearing it by the noise of the wind sweeping through the overhanging trees.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY HIRAM BARRUS, ESQ., OF BOSTON.

Had we stood where we now stand 120 years ago this morning, we might have heard the sound of two axes, with an occasional crash of a falling tree. The spot where it fell is in a southwest direction, on the land now owned by Amos Hawks. The men who wield the axes are David Stearns and Abijah Tucker, young men of about 30 years of age. They have come from Dudley to make in this wilderness their future home. Their families have come with them as far as Northampton, where they will spend the summer, while the log cabin is prepared for their reception here. The months wear away, the first harvest is gathered in, and the two wives and five children are brought to their homes. They are quiet homes. The nearest neighbor is a long distance away through the pathless woods, in New Hingham, which we now call Chestertfield. Westward, there is no inhabitant this side of Pontoosuc, now called Pittsfield. Plainfield is unnamed and unknown, and the nearest white person in that direction is in Fort Massachusetts at East Hoosic, now Adams. In the northeast part of Huntstown, now Ashfield, there is a fort and a few settlers. Conway is yet a part of

Deerfield, and has no inhabitant. Williamsburg, or "Hatfield three mile Grant," is known only as the "Dark Woods," and probably has not received its first settler.

The French and Indian war had virtually ended by the surrender of Canada to Great Britain in 1760, one year earlier. For more than 120 years the inhabitants of old Hampshire county have been more or less exposed to attacks from the Indians. Children had been born, says Holland, grown up to manhood, and descended to old age, knowing little or nothing of peace and tranquility. Hundreds had been killed, and large numbers had been carried into captivity. Men, women and children had been butchered by scores. There is hardly a square acre, certainly not a square mile, in the Connecticut Valley, that has not been tracked by the flying feet of fear, resounded with the groan of the dying, drunk the blood of the dead, or served as the scene of toils, made doubly toilsome by an apprehension of danger that never slept. It was among such scenes and such trials as these, that the settlements of Western Massachusetts were planted. It was by these scenes and trials that their sinews were knit to that degree of strength, that when the incubus of war and fear was lifted, they sprang to those enterprises of peace that have transformed the hills into an abode of plenty, and a seat of free education and free religion.

The influx of immigrants in the spring of 1762 must have been quite extensive all along the line of this town and Chesterfield. William White of Charlton was one of these. He received a deed of land here May 17, 1762, from Gad Lyman, then of Northampton, but later of Goshen.

Col. Ezra May, from Woodstock, Conn., with ten men to assist him in his labors, came about the same time, with "old Mr. Corbin and wife to do their cooking." The north bound of his farm was a few feet south of the present church. White took the third hundred acre lot south of May's, and boarded with May during the first year. The next lot, north of May's, on which the church now stands, was taken by Lient. Lemuel Lyon, also from Woodstock, and probably the same year.

Capt. Robert Webster, from Dudley, with his wife and one child, also came this year. There may have been a few other arrivals up-

on our territory at this time, but probably not. Farther south, on land now included in Chesterfield, there was, doubtless, a greater number.

Other settlers upon our territory that came within a few years, were Asa Grant from Wrentham, John James and Zebulon Willcutt from Cohasset, Joseph Blake and Edward Orcutt from Hingham, Reuben and Moses Dresser, and Eben Putney from Charlton, Thomas and Daniel Brown and the five Banister brothers — John, Lemuel, Christopher, Barzillai and William — and probably Artemas and Sylvanus Stone, from Brookfield, Joshua Abell from Rehoboth, Capt. John Bigelow, Isaac Kingman, James and Joshua Packard from Bridgewater, Dr. Benjamin Burgess and Samuel Mott from Tisbury, John Smith, Timothy Lyman, Benjamin Parsons and his sons, Ebenezer, Justin, Solomon, Silas and Benjamin, from Northampton, Thomas Weeks and Ambrose Stone from Greenwich, and William Hallock from Long Island.

William White was a man efficient and prompt to act in every good cause. He was one of the first that went to the country's defence, on the alarm that followed the battle of Lexington. He drew up the petition for the incorporation of the town, was its town clerk for some thirty years, selectman for many terms, justice of the peace thirty-five years, Representative to the General Court, and delegate to many important conventions.

Col. Ezra May, a man of such acknowledged ability, that upon the incorporation of Chesterfield, which included his farm, he was, in the very first year of his residence here, chosen the moderator of the first town meeting in Chesterfield, and constable and chairman of the selectmen. He was first deacon of the church in that town, went early into the army, rose to the rank of Colonel, was in the battle of Saratoga, and at the taking of Burgoyne, where he took a violent cold, which resulted in his death a few months later, at the early age of 46 years. Two of his sons, Nehemiah and Dexter, were in the army with him.

Thomas Weeks, from Greenwich, went down to Lexington with a small company of men, and was with the army near Boston in 1775-6. He was a man of more than usual education for his time, had been deputy sheriff in Worcester county for many years, and served as paymaster for the troops. He left many records and several journals of the scenes through which he passed, and from

which it appears, that in 1777, he was at the surrender of Ticonderoga; an event which he branded with the terms — "Shame, infamy, disgrace." He was an able surveyor, laid out many of the highways of the town, was often employed in running the boundaries of the land, and was the first town clerk of Goshen, the first subscriber to the papers for the organization of the church, and a delegate to the convention that formed the constitution of the state.*

Dr. Benjamin Burgess came during the Revolutionary War, and, for a long period, was one of the leading physicians of this vicinity. He was a man of sound judgment and strong common sense, and was often called to serve in town affairs. He came from Martha's Vineyard, bringing his wife with him. Before setting sail for the mainland, his wife quilted what money they had — \$1,000 in gold — into the skirts of her dress for greater security if they fell into the hands of the British, whose vessels were troubling our coasters. They were once fired upon during the voyage, but escaped unharmed.

Dea. Oliver Taylor was another important man in the affairs of the town and church. He was a man of great firmness of character, and seems to have had things pretty much in his own way. He was first deacon of the church, an office he held for nearly forty years; was four times elected to represent the town in the Legislature, and was Justice of the Peace for sixteen years. He enlisted in the army of the Revolution, but was sent home to work at his trade — that of a tanner — as his services for his country in supplying leather for shoes for the army were more important, as a tanner, than they could be as a soldier.

John James, the moderator of the first town meeting called by the selectmen, and the first merchant in town, was a man of much force of character, and a successful man of business. He died in 1804, leaving to the town a donation of \$100 to be kept on interest for one hundred years. After that time the income is to be devoted to the support of schools and the gospel, and for such other purposes as may be desirable.

Reuben Dresser, from Charlton, was another of the sturdy yeomanry who was among the early settlers. He made large purchases

* Capt. Weeks was delegate to the convention from Chesterfield Gore. Capt. William White and Luke Bonney were the delegates from Chesterfield. The convention commenced its sittings September 1, 1779, and closed its work June 16, 1780.

of land, employed many workmen, set out extensive orchards, and built, it is said, on his own land, fifteen miles of heavy stone wall, much of which stands to the present time. The farm is still in possession of his descendants.

Chesterfield was incorporated June 11, 1762. It included the territory called New Hingham, and the "First Additional Grant, or Narragansett No. 4," which brought the north line of the town near the Goshen meeting house. In January, 1763, a petition was sent to the General Court from the people of the Gore, which was the land lying between the church and Ashfield, asking to be annexed to Chesterfield. This was so promptly done by the Court that, no notice having been given, Chesterfield waked up one fine morning surprised to find its territory enlarged by the addition of 3,500 acres of land it had never asked for. It rubbed its eyes, saw that it meant the removal of the church location to some unknown point northward, and sent at once a counter petition for a speedy divorce, which was granted in June following.

But we must pass to another matter that antedates the town. The war of the Revolution approaches and our men are prepared for the event. A company of minute men, of which Robert Webster has been made captain, Christopher Banister lieutenant, William White sergeant, has been organized, and when the alarm sent out after the battle of Lexington reaches this place, April 21, two days after the battle, the order is given, and officers and men, 44 in all, are on their way to the seat of war. Thirty-nine of these continued in the service, and join Gen. Pomeroy's regiment, and fifteen men return home after terms of service varying from seven days to thirty-seven. The men that returned receive one penny per mile for travel out and back, and about 25 cents per day as wages. The records of these facts are on file in the State House in Boston, and similar papers left by Capt. Webster are in possession of his grandson, Wm. H. Webster. Timothy Lyman, Artemas Stone, Reuben Dresser, Christopher and Barzillai Banister, Oliver Taylor, Caleb Cushman, Nehemiah May were among those enrolled and thus early entered the service.

In 1777-8, Gen. Burgoyne was on his march from the north across the country, designing, as the people feared, to devastate and destroy all that lay in his pathway. A call for volunteers to

meet at Bennington, and oppose his progress, was read in the pulpits on the Sabbath, and the next morning men were on their way thither, armed to meet the foe. The battles of Bennington and Saratoga brought victory to the Americans, and they had the satisfaction of marching the defeated British General and his army across the country as prisoners of war. A portion of the army passed through this town, and Capt John Grant, then a small boy, who saw them, said there were with the men on foot several ladies on horseback.

We now come to the period of the Incorporation of the Town. The "Gore" seemed to be, in some respects, unfortunately situated. Its early settlers, as already stated, had been at one time annexed to Chesterfield, but to restore peace, were again set off. Their necessities finally compelled them again to appeal to the General Court, reciting their grievances, and asking to be incorporated as a town. Capt. Thomas Weeks presented the matter to the Court in 1779 and again in 1781. In January of the latter year, moved by the "petition of Thomas Weeks, agent to the petitioners of a part of Chesterfield," also of the "petitioners of a Gore of land called Chesterfield Gore," a committee was appointed by the General Court to repair to Chesterfield, hear the parties, and report at the next session of the Court. The action of the committee may be inferred from a letter of which the following is a copy :

NORWICH, May 1, 1781.

SIR:—I have left the report of the committee appointed on the matters relating to the Gore, Narragansett No. 4, and Chesterfield, with landlord Elisha Lyman and all the papers except yours, left with me, which are here inclosed. If you go down this session, remember to carry down to Court the plan of that part of Narragansett No. 4, as Capt. White proposed to the committee when at Mr. May's, representing those that were willing to be annexed to the Gore. Doct. Mather and Doct. Shepard propose not to go down this session, and I can't. You will do as you think best respecting going down this session or the next. We have closed our report, which if you send, you will have safely conveyed to the Secretary as directed.

Doct. Mather's bill 13 | 9 hard money.

Doct. Shepard's bill 7 | 10 hard money.

I am, Sr. your most Humble Serv't,

To Mr. Joshua Abell.

JOHN KIRKLAND.*

The act of incorporation finally passed May 14, 1781, and was approved by John Hancock, Governor. The name given in the act was

* Mr. Kirkland, a prominent man in Norwich (now Huntington,) was grandfather of Harvey Kirkland, Esq., of Northampton.

Goshan — probably a clerical error. The origin of the name, as given by Dea. Oliver Taylor to his daughter, is said by Mrs. Polly Tilton, grand-daughter of Dea. Taylor, to have been this: — Goshen of old was the best part of Egypt, so the name was considered appropriate for what was claimed to be the best part of Chesterfield.

The town meeting, for organization, was held pursuant to a warrant issued by Jacob Sherwin, Esq., of Ashfield, May 23, at the house of John Williams, which then stood just above the burying ground. Lieut. Thomas Weeks was chosen clerk; Joshua Abell, treasurer; Capt. William White, Lieut. Lemuel Lyon, Maj. Christopher Banister, selectmen and assessors; Thomas Brown and Ebenezer Parsons, constables; Farnum White, Lemuel Banister, Ebenezer Putney, Lieut. Timothy Lyman, Thomas Weeks and Barzillai Banister, highway surveyors; John Williams, sealer of weights and measures; Lemuel Banister and Farnum White, tythingmen; John Smith and Maj. Christopher Banister, fence viewers; Samuel Olds, leather sealer; Barzillai Banister, deer-reeve; Nehemiah May, Daniel Brown, Barzillai Banister and Lemuel Banister, hog-reeves.

Three important interests received prompt attention during its first year. It was voted to give Mr. Joseph Barker a call to settle in the work of the ministry. June 21, it was voted to offer him 100 pounds as an "encouragement." His salary was to be 40 pounds the first year and after that to increase annually five pounds, until it amounted to sixty pounds. Voted that Lemuel Banister, David Stearns and Thomas Brown wait on Mr. Barker with said offers, but the call was not accepted.

August 21, voted to raise thirty-six pounds three shillings, for paying the bounty and wages of three soldiers for three months, and to procure 5 linen shirts, 5 pairs stockings and shoes, and two blankets; also 2101 lbs. of beef for the army, all in obedience to acts of the General Court, and voted to raise 32 pounds of money to pay for beef.

October 16, the town voted that Ebenezer Putney, Timothy Lyman, Thomas Hamilton, Benjamin Burgess, Oliver Taylor, Christopher Banister and William Hallock, divide the town into school districts. Their report was made and fortunately entered upon the town records, and is interesting, as it probably shows the whole number of families in town at that time. The town voted to raise

15 pounds for preaching, and chose Lemuel Banister, Thomas Brown, Farnum White, Thomas Weeks and David Stearns a committee to employ a preacher.

Voted November 15, to raise 25 pounds for schooling.

Voted to hire Mr. Fowler to preach ten Sabbaths more.

An incident of the times that is of present interest appears in the action of the town in a meeting held Dec. 21. The condition of the Southern States while in the hands of the British army was such as appealed to the North for sympathy and help. The town voted that Joshua Abell, its treasurer, "be the person to receive the donations that may be given in this town to the sufferers in the Southern States, agreeable to a brief from His Excellency, John Hancock, and pay to the gentleman said brief directs." The appeal was probably not in vain, but we regret that we find no record of the amount contributed.

And so ends the first year of the town's existence. Properly caring for all minor matters, they have thus early shown their patriotism in raising men and material for the army of the Union; their wisdom and forethought in laying the foundations of their future prosperity by providing schools for their children and religious privileges for all.

The town, even in the days just after the Revolution, was somewhat tinged with the "greenback" idea, and voted that paper currency was absolutely necessary to discharge our quota of the debt contracted by the late war. Voted to recommend similar action to the neighboring towns. Lemuel Banister was chosen to represent the town in a county convention, and a petition was suggested to aid the matter in a "constitutional way." Notwithstanding the lessons of the lamentable failure of the continental paper currency, the town again voted in 1786 that it is expedient to have a paper currency emitted. William White, Dr. Benj. Burgess and Oliver Taylor were appointed to prefer a petition to the General Court for that purpose.

Some of their votes indicate the distress of the times and some dissatisfaction with the government. But we are to remember that the people of that day were under peculiar trials and hardships. The Revolutionary war had been long and exhaustive. The able-bodied men had spent years in the army, while their lands at home

were only partially cleared, poorly cultivated, or if cultivated at all, the labor was performed by women, children and feeble men not able to do duty as soldiers; their homes in many cases log houses, or only a little better than that; taxes and debts to be paid and scarcely any money to be had, and little or nothing to obtain it with among the people generally, even if money were plenty. Putting ourselves in their place, what would we have done? Very much, probably, as they did: Criticised the government, petitioned for relief, suggested paper money, got up conventions, passed strong resolutions, and then, in a "constitutional way," waited, as Mr. Micawber did, for something to turn up. Here were all the elements for a successful rebellion, and Daniel Shays attempted to lead off in one. But his lack of ability made his efforts an inglorious fizzle. One man who belonged to this town joined his soldiers and was in the fight at Springfield. A man next to him was killed when the cannon was fired upon his company, and, accepting the truth that "discretion was the better part of valor," he fled with his terrified leader and companions, and eventually returned to his home and became a loyal and respected citizen. To the honor of our people be it said, that though keenly feeling the trials of their situation, they were loyal to the country, and only this one man was found to carry a rebel weapon. Brought up as they had been, to have opinions and to express them, too, they watched with a critical eye every act of the government that looked like want of economy. They felt that eternal vigilance was the price of liberty, and when Congress passed an act granting five years' pay to the officers who had served in the continental army, our citizens promptly demurred, and passed a vote declaring that they would not pay any continental, state or county tax till Congress rescinded the objectionable vote.

We cannot but admire their pluck, but whether this little one among the thousands of Judah would be likely to intimidate the National Congress, is an unanswered query.

In 1799 the town passed a vote that seemed a little singular, but as our Legislature in 1869 did the same thing for the state, it was evidently a very proper thing to do. The vote of the town was that the money raised by the tax on dogs should be appropriated for the support of schools. The act of the Legislature passed with-

in a few years allows the dog tax and requires it to be used for schools or libraries.

Six years later, (1805) the town seems to have originated another idea that the state eventually put into more general practice. The town voted that the Selectmen have the care and charge of the school books belonging to the town, and distribute them among the schools as they judge proper, indicating beyond question that the town furnished the books for the scholars, so that none should fail, through poverty or other cause, of having the necessary books for use in their studies. The state, it will be remembered, recognized the same benevolent principle in the law passed in 1873, giving towns permission to authorize their school committees to purchase text books for use of the schools, to be owned by the town and loaned to the pupils under proper regulations.

The town began to choose school committees a quarter of a century before the state required it by law. In 1799, Wm. White, Reuben Howes, Justin Parsons, Ambrose Stone and Moses James were appointed to this office. In 1826, Rev. Joel Wright, Capt. Joseph White, Capt. John Grant, Dr. Geo. Wright,* David Carpenter, Jared Hawks, Jr., and Emmons Putney, the only survivor, and now present, were chosen the first general school committee under the act of the Legislature. This was the commencement of the new era in the history of Massachusetts schools, which, in a few years placed Horace Mann at their head as secretary of the Board of Education, to whom the state is indebted, more than to any other man, for what our schools have since become.

Another important factor in the education of the early residents of the town was a first-class town library. We have no record of its origin, not even the date. In Capt. Grant's Journal he speaks of attending a library meeting in 1796, and it was continued for many years after, but how long we are not informed.

It contained valuable books, history, biography and travels, and we are told that the young men read them. Of one of them it was said that he was one of the most thorough students of history that could be found in his time.

In the paper read before many of you on the centennial of the

* Dr. Geo. Wright was a genial man and much respected. During his examination for license as a physician, he was asked how he would induce perspiration in a patient, to which he gave the usual answer. Later in the examination the question was several times repeated. Finally, the question was put in this form: If you wished to throw the patient into a profound perspiration how would you do that? "Bring him before your honors," was the candidate's ready and witty reply.

church, in December last, I gave a somewhat extended history of the church. The want of time, if no other reason, makes it impracticable to enter into many details presented on that occasion. But the church has been so important an element in the moral and religious education of the town, that no picture of what the town and its people have been and have done, can be fair and honest which does not give the church a prominent place. It was organized Dec. 21, 1780, the foundation indeed of the town itself, which was incorporated some months later. This, it will be remembered, was the usual order in these matters, the general court from the earliest period in the history of the State, never allowing the incorporation of a town till the formation, or *some good proceeding* in that direction, was had toward the formation of a church within the limits of the proposed town. The petition for incorporation of the town brings out the idea quite fully.

The cases of excommunication were rare, and it is worthy of notice as showing the general good morals of the people, that, strict as the church was to detect and call the offending members to account for any and every delinquency, there does not appear to have been within its jurisdiction a case of discipline for offences against chastity or other flagrant offence; during the first 50 years of its history.*

For seven years no pastor was settled though many were called. When the minister was needed for special occasions in the absence of a supply, as in cases of discipline, admitting members, administering the ordinances, the pastors from the neighboring towns on invitation, kindly assisted. In one case this seems to have led to trouble as indicated by the following vote passed Nov. 2. 1786: "Then attended to a remonstrance which the Rev. Timothy Allen of Chesterfield sent in against this church, for desiring him to assist in admitting a person into our church which *he supposes* was not a fit member. Voted to choose a committee of two of the Brethren to answer in behalf of the church the above remonstrance." Chose Oliver Taylor and Thomas Brown. There may have been two sides to the story, but how it was finally disposed of, the records do not say. We suspect, however, that the Chesterfield pastor did not consider that turning out a bad member, was equivalent to receiving a

* The writer is not aware that any native or resident of Goshen was ever sentenced to State's prison.

bad one, and so was not conciliated, for, in the latter part of the same month, the church wanted his assistance in excommunicating a member whom *they* considered bad, but he declined, and Rev. Mr. Bascom was invited to take his place.

Rev. Samuel Whitman of Ashby, a native of Bridgewater, was finally installed as the first pastor of the church, Jan. 10, 1788. Rev. Mr. Allen was moderator of the council, offered prayer and preached the sermon. Rev. Joseph Strong of Williamsburg gave the charge, and Rev. James Briggs of Cummington offered the closing prayer.

The church at this time had about 50 members. It had chosen one year previous two deacons, Oliver Taylor and Artemas Stone. They were strong men and no church could have better material from which to select their leading officials. Among them were William Hallock and his two sons, Jeremiah and Moses; Nehemiah May, Ebenezer Putney; Joseph, Christopher and Lemuel Banister; Farnum White, Justin Parsons and Dr. Benj. Burgess.

And so the church, with an earnest and efficient membership, provided with an able pastor and faithful assistants, settles down to its appropriate work. For a whole generation it moves quietly on under the same pastor, exerting an influence for good that was felt through the whole community.

In addition to what is now considered the legitimate work of the pastor there was a special work among the young in the way of religious instruction. The Westminster Catechism was taught at home and in the schools. Every Saturday P. M. it was the duty of the pastor to visit some one or more schools and require the pupils to recite the catechism to him, he in turn giving such explanations and instructions as each case required. When the schools were not in session the pastor met the children at private houses for catechising and instructing them in religious truth. It was on one of these occasions that a boy, who evidently needed some instruction, was asked by Mr. Whitman, "Who was the first man?" "Well," says the boy, "I dunno certain, it was rather late when I got here, but I believe it was Adam, or Eve, or Methusaleh."

The church was early alive to the work of missions and a missionary society was formed for promoting the cause. The result of this is seen in the number of young men, natives, or sometime

residents here, who engaged in missionary work. Among them were Rev. Levi Parsons, son of Dea. Justin, who was one of the first two missionaries from the United States to Palestine, and Rev. Horatio Bardwell, D. D., missionary to Bombay and afterwards agent of the American Board, of whom his biographer said, "The key to his entire life and character is found in his consecration to the work of missions." Rev. Ralph Cushman went to Kentucky as a home missionary, and was afterwards appointed General Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society for the Western States. Calvin Cushman, Elijah Bardwell, brother of Horatio, together with Mr. John Smith, went out as missionaries with their families, to the Choctaws in Mississippi in 1820. The voyage down the Mississippi River, and that of Mr. Smith up the Yazoo, the sickness and death on the way of his oldest son, and the burial a hundred miles from any human habitation, with the bark peeled from a tree to mark the grave, were some of the thrilling incidents that marked the way to their field of labor. Miss Electa May, daughter of Nehemiah, married Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, the missionary, and accompanied the Choctaws across the Mississippi to their new home. Sarah Bardwell, sister of Rev. Horatio, married Rev. James Richards and went missionary to Ceylon. Hannah, daughter of Ebenezer Putney, was the wife of John Smith,* who went with him to the Choctaw mission. Alvan Stone, in the early history of Illinois, went out to that state and engaged in active work as a home missionary till removed by an early death.

Time would fail me to do anything like justice to the memory of a score of others like minded who have entered the ministry and done noble service for Christianity. I may mention, however, Jeremiah Hallock and his brother Moses, both long in the field and efficient laborers — Jeremiah 40 years at Canton, Conn.; Moses a still longer term in Plainfield, father of Rev. William A. Hallock, the

* Willard Barrows in 1836 was employed in making surveys for the U. S. Government in Mississippi. "Learning," he says, "that one of the missionaries, Father Smith, still lived in the vicinity, I called on him at an early hour the next morning. It was one of those clear beautiful mornings of a Southern winter. As I reached the door of his rude cabin, I heard the voice of prayer. The pioneer Christian was praising God, in the stillness of the morning, that he had brought him through so many trials and dangers. When the service was ended I entered and introduced myself. Mr. Smith had lost his first wife in the early part of his settlement there and had married another. A large family of sprightly and handsome children surrounded him, while with clear recollections of the days of darkness and distress, he related his trials on the journey into the wilderness. But, said the old man, as the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, 'I have never regretted my coming here. God sends comfort and blessing to us, as his missionaries, more than we deserve.'" — Rev. Dr. Barrows' "*Twelve Nights in the Hunter's Camp*."

long time secretary of the American Tract Society in N. Y., and Girard Hallock of the Journal of Commerce. It is said that *Rev. Moses Hallock fitted more men for the ministry than any other man of his time, and that so well were his pupils fitted for college that his own sons were educated by Williams College without charge. Then follows Rev. Justin Parsons, one of a large family that came from Northampton, a man of energy, good judgment, honored by the town and church with the highest offices in their gift, turning his attention to the ministry when more than 50 years of age, preaching more than 40 years, building a church for his people at his own expense, helping Lane Seminary in its early struggles for existence, giving a son to labor and die a missionary in Palestine, having a daughter who married a clergyman, — the parents of our new U. S. Minister to France, Hon. Levi Parsons Morton of New York. Justin Parsons had also two brothers who lived here and finally became preachers — Rev. Silas and Rev. Benjamin Parsons. Silas had also a son, Erastus, born here probably, became a preacher and labored with remarkable success during a short but active life. Rev. Rufus Cushman, brother of Rev. Ralph, was 22 years pastor of a church in Fair Haven, Vt., was a man full of good works, faithful and beloved. His son, Rufus Cushman, D. D., 24 years in the ministry, died a few years since in Manchester, Vt.

*Rev. Joseph S. Burgess, of Lewiston, Me., whom we rejoice to have with us to-day, is another of the faithful pastors who reckon their nativity here. We expect him to speak for himself, but will take the liberty of saying what he may not choose to say himself, that his labors have been crowned with such success that he has had the happiness of receiving into the membership of the churches, over which he has been placed, about 700 members on profession.

Another pastor whose boyhood drew health, inspiration and efficiency from these hills and among this people, Rev. D. Grosvenor Wright, D. D., of Poughkeepsie, a son of the second pastor of the church here, long remembered and well beloved, is also with us to join in our celebration, to receive our hearty welcome, and we hope also to take part in these exercises.

We cannot forbear naming other pastors in this connection. Rev.

* Rev. Moses Hallock settled in Plainfield, the first pastor of the Congregational Church, July 11, 1792, and ministered to a confiding and united people 45 years. He received to the Church 358 members, instructed 394 pupils, of whom 50 became ministers and 7 missionaries.

Jason Olds, a worthy son of Goshen, long in the ministry in Ohio; Rev. E. Putney Salmon, President of Beloit Academy, the preparatory school of Beloit College; Rev. Wm. Williams, professor in La Grange College, Alabama; Rev. Benj. F. Brown, home missionary laborer in Virginia; Rev. Frederick W. Burgess, an active and devoted young preacher, who died at the age of 27. Others might be named, did time permit, who became preachers and teachers, and are included in the list of our natives. It should be remembered also that eighteen or twenty of the daughters of Goshen have done and are doing their share of the world's work as wives of ministers and missionaries, whose names we must omit on the present occasion.

The pastors of the church who succeeded Mr. Whitman, many of whom like him had each their share in the work of fitting and inspiring some one or more of this large number of men and women for their noble work, were Rev. Joel Wright, Henry B. Holmes, John C. Thompson, Royal Reed, Robert Crossett, Thomas H. Rood, Sidney Holman, H. M. Rogers, Townsend Walker, George Juchau, D. B. Lord, and the present pastor, Rev. J. E. M. Wright, son of one of the worthy daughters of Goshen.

As we recall what the fathers were, we may perhaps be tempted to think that with them all wisdom is departed. I recently heard John B. Gough say in Faneuil Hall, that many years ago he undertook to speak on temperance in that place, but was greatly annoyed by rowdies who came in to break up the meeting. One of the leaders of the gang, pointing to one of the portraits upon the walls of the hall, boasted that that was a likeness of his ancestor. "Yes," said Gough, "your family is like a hill of potatoes, the best part is under ground." But we may justly disclaim its application to our people. While we quote "The Fathers, where are they?" we may answer with some complacency, "Look at their children."

We have already seen what a worthy record some have made as ministers and missionaries. Others have been equally prominent in other callings. Ezra Weeks, son of the first town clerk, removed to New York city, accumulated a large fortune, owning at one time seven acres of what is now the most fashionable portion of that city, became president of a bank, and author of a popular pamphlet on the treatment of cholera.

William Lyman, who was born and reared on the farm on which

we are assembled, became a merchant, and was one of the leading citizens of Schenectady, N. Y. He educated his nephew and namesake, Dr. William, son of his brother, Captain Francis, whose residence was here. The young William became a physician of acknowledged skill, an orator of much eloquence, a member of the Illinois Legislature, (and I think speaker of the Illinois House,) and in the civil war medical director on Gen. Logan's staff.

In the business world I would name another native who has made a reputation which places him in the front rank of the merchants of Boston. Joseph H. White, son of Joseph, grandson of the early settler William, born on the White Homestead in 1824. He was for many years the leading member of the firm of White, Browne & Co., and is now the senior member of the firm of White, Payson & Co., the selling agents of the Manchester Mills, of which he is the principal stockholder and director. He soon accumulated a handsome fortune and assisted his brothers in starting in mercantile business, one of whom is R. H. White, the head of the house of R. H. White & Co., whose business is not exceeded by more than three or four establishments in this country. Another brother, Hon. James White, formerly in business with Joseph H., we are pleased to announce is with us to-day to participate in our festivities.

Dea. Benj. Burgess, grandson and namesake of the long time physician, a prominent merchant and citizen of Boston for nearly half a century, and his brother Silas, a lawyer of Worcester, we are happy to meet here to-day.

Enoch and L. L. James, grandsons of the early settler, John James, successful merchants in their day, and Luther James of Ann Arbor, Mich., all prominent as business men and capitalists, are not to be forgotten on this occasion.

William Mayhew, the wealthy and generous Baltimore merchant, of national reputation, was a son of Freeborn Mayhew, for many years a resident of this town.

Among the daughters whom Goshen is proud to claim is Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, whose literary ability has placed her high upon the roll of honor. Her history of New York, recently published by A. S. Barnes & Co., is said to be the largest work of the kind ever accomplished by a woman. It is not only the largest, but has re-

ceived the endorsement of eminent literary authorities, as worthy of rank with the best. She too honors the occasion by her presence.

Other daughters of the town are worthy of mention for the sons they have given to the world.

Lucretia Parsons, daughter of Rev. Justin, married Rev. D. O. Morton, and as before stated, was the mother of Hon. Levi P. Morton, the New York millionaire, member of Congress, and now U. S. Minister to France.

Mercy Burgess, daughter of Dr. Benjamin, married Mitchell Dawes, and was the mother of Hon. Henry L. Dawes, one of the honored and worthy Senators of this state.

Passing over others worthy of note, we may well pause for a moment to pay the tribute so nobly earned by those forty sons of Goshen, who, in the civil war, gave themselves to the service of their country. Some fell on the field of battle; some wounded clear through, came home to die among their friends, and now rest in yonder cemetery, among the heroes who fought and bled at Saratoga and Monmouth and Yorktown. Those who still remain are with us to-day. The flag they defended waves above us, and makes our centennial worthy of commemoration. All honor to the dead and to the living.

The men of this town, notwithstanding its granite rocks and hard soil, by the practice of rigid economy and well directed labors, early acquired a competence, and so well established was their reputation for honesty and for ability to meet all pecuniary obligations, that it was said by one who well knew the facts, that any of its citizens could readily get trusted at the stores in Northampton, if it was known that he belonged to Goshen.

It was, perhaps, to test his own individual reputation in this respect, that a somewhat eccentric citizen, Edward Orcutt, took occasion once to ascertain how far this confidence, in respect to himself, extended to other towns in the valley below. Being in want of a pig he went to Hatfield, where he understood the article was for sale, and commenced negotiations, always adding the important qualification, "You will trust me, I suppose." But he soon found they *didn't* trust, and so he continued his researches with commendable perseverance for some hours. At last he found the man

he was looking for, a man that had a pig to sell and a disposition to gratify his customer. The bargain was closed and the pig was ready to start with his new owner, who, having become satisfied that one man was ready to trust him, ended the matter by producing the money and paying the bill on the spot.

It is, sometimes, intimated that the Fathers builded better than they knew. I doubt it. The more I learn of their aspirations, purposes, plans and hopes, the more am I impressed with their profound faith, intelligent action, and far-seeing statesmanship. They were not here enduring privation, dangers, death, for themselves, but to found an empire for their children, and for the generations in the future.

A few days ago I visited one of the three oldest houses now standing in old Plymouth. It was built more than two hundred years ago, under the shadow of Burial Hill, within a stone's throw of the Cushman monument, by my ancestor, Robert Barrow, great-grandfather of my greatgrandfather. Passing from one room to another, I was impressed by the massive timbers wrought into the frame work of every part of the building, so well preserved that not a sign of decay appeared in any part. The foundations were laid so deep and firm that the house stands as upright and true as it stood when erected seven generations ago. It was evidently built to *last*, and last it apparently will till the march of what is termed modern improvement requires its removal, to make way for a style of architecture more fanciful, but less substantial and enduring.

And so the Fathers built for education, morality, liberty, and religion. They laid the foundations on the rock of eternal truth, and knew that no lapse of time could ever weaken or remove them. So long as their children shall follow their example and continue to build on these foundations, so long shall the superstructure be all that the Fathers planned, desired, and hoped. "The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history—the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages is this: Human happiness has no perfect security, but freedom; freedom none, but virtue; virtue none, but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has

any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian religion."

POEM.

The following poem, written by Mrs. M. Leora S. Houghton, was read by Rev. D. G. Wright, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Mrs. Houghton is a daughter of Mr. J. Milton Smith of Sunderland, formerly of Goshen:

I.

Ye hillsides green! Oh home-land fair,
Where childhood wandered free!
With furrow'd brow, and whit'ning hair,
The tracery of years and care —
We turn again to thee.

Tho' one may track th' eternal snow,
To grasp the Northern pole,
May glide where flashing waters flow,
Or mighty rivers mightier grow,
And sunny South-lands roll,—

Mix with the multitude that treads
The thronging avenue,
Or roam where Earth her silence sheds,
And the broad, fertile prairie spreads
To touch th' o'er arching blue,—

Tho' through the trackless wild we stray,
Or o'er the shifting sands,
Where mossy turrets, old and gray,
Have seen the centuries roll away,
In other climes and lands,—

Yet native home-land, dear and sweet,
Tho' few thy charms may be,
Long as the pulse of life shall beat,
Thy wandering sons with weary feet
Would fain return to thee.

II.

Behold! with eager, throbbing hearts we wait,
Where the stern Past its hoarded treasure flings;

Where the retreating century's ponderous gate
Backward, upon its rusty hinges, swings.

O shadowy years, that sped so long away!
We call to you upon that viewless shore,
To keep with us this rare, old trysting day,
And bear us back the vanished scenes of yore!

Come with your noiseless tramp, O mighty hosts,
From out the shadows of the near unseen!
Uplift the vail which wraps your hidden coasts,
Which lies the Present and the Past between.

Ye hands of toil, which rent these rugged hills
From the stern clutches of the forest wild;
Around our lives your benediction thrills
The home-light gleam which on your hearth-stone smiled.

O ye, who liv'd and labored, lov'd and died,
Amid the scenes which greet our eyes to-day,
Whose generations thro' death's portals wide
In silent, swift procession passed away:—

Out on the hillside, where the shadows fall
With the last glory of the setting sun,
Secure and dreamless, ye await the call
Which makes the mortal an *immortal* one!

And just as sweetly in your distant grave,
Tho' ruthless feet shall press your narrow bed,
Ye rest, who, with a million brave,
Were by the trumpet's call to slaughter led.

Ye, too, who went on your returnless way
To teach the nations of a Saviour's love,
And drooped in manhood's prime, or worn and gray,
Soared with rejoicing to your crown above;—

Where fell your mantle, when the fiery steeds
Sped like swift angels up the path of light?
Where is the promise of your earnest deeds?
Where the rich harvest of your noble might?

Your sheaves are garnered where the savage wild
You nobly dared, a weak, intrepid band:
Or where the golden sun of Orient smiled
On the far hillsides of the Holy land!

O, dauntless souls! O courage born of trust
In the Eternal Fatherhood of God!
Ye are not dead, although your slumbering dust
Has long since moldered 'neath an alien sod.

Ye voiceless, vanished years! O century fled!
As we your last, departing foot-steps trace,
We'd wear the laurel for your noble dead,
And give their memory an honor'd place!

III.

So, time hath wrought with magic hand,
Since born in bitter throe,

The priceless freedom of our land
A hundred years ago!

From Northern bound to Southern tide,
From ocean shore to shore,
The wilderness hath blossomed wide,
Its hills and valleys o'er.

And thronging millions seek thy shade
Where erst no foot had trod;
And in remotest glen and glade,
Behold the upturned sod.

By lake and stream, on inland plain,
Eastern and western strand,
Proud cities stretch their arms amain,
To grasp each other's hand.

In woven lines the paths of trade
Are traced o'er land and sea,
And the swift wings of steam are made
Our messengers to be.

The chained lightnings girt the world
Obeying our behest,
So space is from her empire hurled
And knows no east or west.

O, Time hath wrought with magic hand
Adown the century's flow,
Which the broad bow of promise spanned
A hundred years ago!

IV.

Still earth shall bloom, in coming years, as now,
And still succeeding summer suns shall glow;
The golden harvest wave, and fruited bough;
Then fall the wreathing mantle of the snow.

While o'er our dust unheeding feet shall tread,
The world shall wake to wonders new and strange,
Thro' Nature's hidden forces captive led,
Ages shall work new miracles of change.

And still the restless tide shall ebb and flow,
The tireless rivers hurry toward the sea,
The swift, succeeding generations go
Into the far, yet near Eternity!

Night shall succeed to day, and day to night,
Until the wearied earth grows old and gray,
And the *last* century, with its paling light,
In drear, dread silence, vanishes away.

Then shall the riven heavens like a scroll,
Amid a thousand thunders crashing roar,
In one wide-reaching sweep together roll
And pass away — and Time shall be no more.

THE DINNER AND AFTER-DINNER EXERCISES.

Although it was announced that the celebration would be conducted on the basket picnic plan, tables were spread for about 200 people, and the abundance of food provided showed that the people of the town were no strangers to genuine hospitality. The speakers, invited guests, veteran soldiers and band marched to the tables, and after the invocation of the Divine blessing by Rev. D. W. Waldron, the dinner was eaten. Then the president of the day gave the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY ALVAN BARRUS.

A few years since, standing by the bedside of an aged citizen who was largely identified with that which has made the history of Goshen what it is; to him, all the active scenes of his later life were gone, and from childhood to old age all was blank. Turning to me in his mental wanderings, he repeated many of the little incidents of his early childhood, in which he then groped as if real, as when they first transpired. "There," said he, pointing to different articles in the room, "is my little brother's coat, there is his chair, and here is our little cart. Joseph* has gone out somewhere and I am going, pretty soon, to find him. I am tired now and want to lie down. Call my mother, and I will say my little prayer to her and go to sleep." So saying, he turned upon his side, repeating to his angel mother:—"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Thus Deacon Benjamin White went out of this tabernacle and found his brother Joseph awaiting him at the door.

So in figure, the sons and daughters of Goshen, leaving the cares and busy scenes of life, turn back to the home, the scenes and the friends of their childhood. There are many reminders of these to welcome you, beside which any words of ours seem empty and their sound hollow. Every dwelling or place on which it stood,

* His twin brother.

every household, every father, mother, brother, sister, child or friend; the church, the old school-house, the play-ground, the shady tree and dell, the cooling spring, the running stream, and every loved spot which their infancy knew, all unite in the glad refrain —
 “Welcome Home.”

Though there is somewhat of sadness in the vacant chair, the grassy mounds and the pillar of stone that suggests the way of all the living, it is manly to drop a tear over them. It is sad that some who started the year with us and were anxious to see this day, “have gone out somewhere.” It is none other than joyful to believe that they are among those gone before, who compass us about, so great a cloud of witnesses: —

“Having known it Christ to live,
 Now they know it gain to die.”

We cordially welcome His Excellency, the Governor of the Commonwealth, together with other members of the Government, and representative men from various portions of this state and elsewhere.

Though not ashamed of our record as this day presented, and even proud of it, we have not taken you up into this exceeding high mountain and shown our varied kingdoms and possessions that you may fall down and worship us; we want you to see the men and women we raise, learn something of their character and of the influence they have and are exerting in their varied spheres, and see whether the oft-repeated prayer, “God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,” can be better accomplished than by the good old fashioned way in which we are doing, and have been doing it for a hundred years, in this venerable hill-top town.

Rev. J. S. Burgess being introduced said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: — It is fitting to honor merit. We have assembled upon this “centennial occasion” for the purpose of honoring the moral and mental worth of our ancestors. We take boundless pleasure in coming from Lewistown, Maine, to be one

with you upon this auspicious and eventful period of ancestral review; to note some changes which have transpired, but especially the principles and spirit by which our honored fathers were endowed and acted.

The services which have preceded this very excellent dinner, reflecting so much credit to the domestic culinary ability of the ladies of Gosben, have been in the channel of praise and grateful acknowledgments or intrinsic moral and Christian worth, on the part of men and women a hundred years ago. The able and valuable address — the songs and prayers — have all breathed the same spirit of love and tender recollections of brave and loving fathers and mothers in long-ago years. In reminiscences of which we speak, we may allude to some faults and errors in connection with those times, but in no way to disparage worth, or criticise unjustly persons of genuine merit.

The *old school-house* of fifty-five years ago comes vigorously to mind. Its shabby outside, and inconvenient inside of seats and benches; cold in winter as a dozen barns, smoky, most shamefully whittled by bad boys. The text books were few in number, obscure and blind, with teachers quite as much so, in some instances at least. Among the number none really excelled "Webster's Spelling Book," in its first lessons, and those adapted to youthful years. The strange pictures and practical morals taught, in the fable of the "rude boy stealing apples." The "old maid" with her tumbling-down pail of milk from her haughty head, "and with it all her imaginary happiness." The "cat under the meal bag" seizing the venturesome but unsuspecting mice. The "lawyer and farmer" over the murderous bull and gored ox! The lawyer's "if and if," "and that alters the case," has hardly ceased yet. Some teachers ruled as with a rod of iron; others were ignorant and cowardly; while others were very good, and still some others used not a little deception, especially preparing the scholars for an "examination" by the learned and august "committee," the last and greatest dread of all the scholars. A class was called out to spell, upon one of these occasions, which had been trained to spell long and difficult words by the teacher. Rev. Mr. Wright, chairman of the examining school committee, asked one in the class to spell *victuals*, after the words ompompanoosic and Canajoharie had been correctly

spoiled, when the entire class was found incapable of spelling the most common and easy words of one or two syllables. This "innocent" deception was ever after abandoned.

Sam. Luce played the most tricks and received the most punishments of any boy in school. John Snow was frequently his victim. John had sometime troubled the teacher by repeated askings to go out. "Master—may—I—go—out?" was his drawling way of doing it. When up, Sam. slyly placed a pin with the head downwards into a crack of the seat occupied by John, who, upon resuming his seat, felt the force of the pin, leaped and yelled to the top of his voice, when Master Mayhew, with the voice of thunder, inquired the cause; John, crying and rubbing the injured part, exclaimed, "Sam stuck a pin in the seat." The school was convulsed in laughter, and Sam. was severely punished amidst laughter and tears. A love affair in school interested not a few of the larger boys and girls. A young lady of Southampton was the teacher one winter. She was fair and pleasant, and the school proceeded admirably. It began to be noticed that Abner's eyes were oftener on the teacher than on his books, and her attentions were frequently bestowed upon Abner, and sometimes he tarried after school to be farther instructed in difficult lessons! At the close of the school, Abner was seen on his way to the home of the "school marm," when lo! in autumn a blushing *bride* was brought to town, the envy of some and the admiration of many.

The church embraced considerable intelligence and piety: several were liberal in their Christian views and of independent thought and expression, others were narrow, intolerant and bigoted. They really held the Methodist and Baptist denominations as outside of the true church heretics and fanatics—unworthy Christian fellowship. When Silas Burgess, "committee" to supply the pulpit on the Sabbath, employed, unbeknown to most of the church, an excellent Baptist minister. When he entered the house and took the pulpit, quite a number of the "illiberal" immediately left the meeting in disgust. A jealous young man, late from the academy, threatened to cane William Willcutt at the doors of the sanctuary, when coming out of the church, Sunday afternoon, because he believed in a sinless life. His expression was, "Do you say, Bill Willcutt, that you live without sin? Say so, and I'll cane you." "I

don't say so but believe we ought to be holy," was Mr. Willcutt's reply. The mad and intolerant spirit of the young man was really applauded! When Rev. Samuel Whitman preached several doctrinal sermons on the Divinity of Christ, which were subsequently published in book form, and called "Whitman's Key," he was most furiously and unjustly condemned as a Unitarian and heretic, dismissed peremptorily from the pastorate of the church, not allowed even a seat in the pulpit he had so long occupied. These same religious opinions, ably advocated by Mr. Whitman, and for which he suffered reproach and the most violent opposition, are to-day the prevailing sentiments of the Christian world. Capt. John Grant, Silas Burgess, and Origin Orcutt were considered subjects worthy of church discipline, and exclusion therefrom by some, because they occasionally attended meetings of other denominations. This spirit of intolerance, however, yielded in time to that of progress and charity. Evangelists came and held protracted meetings, revivals ensued, the church became united, and with it a liberal and most commendable Christian feeling prevailed and still continues. "*The old meeting-house on the hill*," as it was called, was large and stately, barren of ornaments, without fire, carpets or cushions, unattractive in every thing material, in the winter frosty as ice could make it. Here the congregation shivered with cold feet and cold hearts, from cold sermons. The pews were like sheep-pens, with galleries all round and roomy. The pulpit was raised high above the pews, as much as to say the higher the holier! — with an immense "sounding-board" still higher, above the head of the preacher, the wonder of the boys, a "perch for angels" in the long and solemn services. The tything-man, in his cornerpew, elevated above all, and eye on all, was an awful terror to the gallery boys, especially until he fell asleep, then the jack-knives did vandal work on the pews. Satan, with his frightful claws and horns, never had half the terror among the rude ones in the gallery, as did this "official" of the law. The singers, about fifty in number, occupied long plain seats. They were somewhat gifted in the art of church music, both instrumental and vocal. Deacon Billings and Fred. Stone were for years efficient and acceptable leaders, and Francis Dresser played the viol well. Miss Clara James, and subsequently her younger

sister Rachel, led the treble, and taken all in all, not excepting the beauty and brilliancy of the ladies in their "sweetest smiles and gayest ribbons," were indeed the great attraction of Sunday services. No grander or better music was heard among the hill-towns. Any material changes in the regular order and routine of things, were violently opposed by certain members of the church, as evidences of apostacy from the truth — heathen or Catholic inovations. When even *stores* were introduced into the house, carpets, changes of any kind — instrumental music — were declared to be the source of novelty and lightness; headache and drowsiness, a base disturber of true worship, a grief to the Church, and a dishonor to Christ. That even the guns and ammunition kept under the pulpit long time before, against any sudden attack of Indians or English, should not be removed. Some of the "*simmers*" thought "a little more powder *in* the pulpit, rather than *under* it, wouldn't be amiss."

In the settlement of a minister, Capt. John Grant frankly, and rather bluntly, declared "the qualifications most needed were good common sense, and knowing enough to stop when he got through." Another good brother "must see Deacon Taylor before he could tell how he liked the candidate;" and another "wouldn't change his faith in Calvinism, of forty years standing, for any man or minister, or any amount of argument."

The young ladies of those times possessed many charms, and bore away the hearts and hands of many young men in town and surrounding towns, especially Cummington. Among the deeply in love and really "fascinated," was David Whitman, who abounded in love letters to various ladies. Before sending these missives, however, he usually read the contents to some friend. One of these letters ended in the following language: "If you will accept my proposal of marriage I will call thee *angel*; if not, I shall hate and detest thee, my *dear*." Poor David lived and died a bachelor.

Amusements and means of instruction were limited, still of much service in various ways. Spelling and singing schools, lyceums, able and interesting lectures on chemistry, astronomy and other useful topics, were quite common. Sleigh-rides, military musters and cattle-shows obtained a special interest. These occasions often brought many together in social intercourse, promotive of peace

and good will. Love looked love to eyes, followed by marriages, numerous families, kind endeavors, and manly Christian lives in numerous cases.

In returning to the old "meeting-house," some of the most interesting and significant meetings of national importance were held, besides those of Christian worship, meetings where town matters and general politics were freely discussed. The question of "total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors" was ably and most eloquently presented to a large assemblage of people for the first time, by Rev. Dr. Woodbridge of Hadley. The subject then was entirely new and novel, and the impression made was almost overwhelming. The doctor called for pledges at the close of his masterly address. Only five came forward and signed the temperance pledge. Among the number were Captain John Grant, Silas Burgess and Origin Orcutt. My father disposed at once of nearly a barrel of cider brandy lately provided for family use, and never from that day did intoxicants of any kind have admittance to his house. These radical temperance views and positions met at first, as might have been expected, stern opposition, even from some of the best citizens and members of the church. The truth had gone forth, and finally prevailed over all opposition, and the town in a large majority of its citizens, became thoroughly committed to the cause of temperance.

The first anti-slavery meeting of a public character was also held here. Rev. Amos Dresser, whom we are all very glad to meet upon this occasion, addressed that meeting upon the subject of "American slavery." Mr. Dresser had just returned from the South, where he had been whipped within an inch of his life, by slaveholders and professed Christians, for letting fall, in the sale of Bibles, some wrapping paper condemning slavery. Smarting from the wounds he had received, and indignant over the mean and terrible abuse received, of some *forty lashes on his bare back*, on the public common of Nashville, and loss of all he had of wordly effects—fleeing for his life. I need not say Mr. Dresser gave one of the most thrilling and touching speeches to which the citizens of Goshen ever listened. Anti-slavery sentiments from that hour were almost universally adopted by the people, and to which position, firmly and

conscientiously taken, the town has ever since most closely and tenaciously adhered.

Farewell missionary meetings were also held in the special interests of missionaries about leaving for their chosen fields of labor. Rev. Horatio Bardwell for Ceylon, and Levi Parsons for Palestine; Calvin Cushman, John Smith, and their wives, for the Choctaw and Cherokee tribes of Indians in the then far off south-west. These brave and self-denying missionaries received deep sympathy and the kindest farewells, with prayers, tears and blessings; whose faces they should never see more, such was the distance from home, and the many dangers and hardships they should encounter.

Educational meetings were also held in the interests of Amherst College and Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary. These meetings were mostly addressed by Rev. Roswell Hawks, of Cummington. The College had recently been founded, was some in debt, and greatly needed funds, and was pre-eminently devoted to the education of missionaries and ministers. The Holyoke Seminary for the exclusive education of young ladies in household matters, as well as books, was then new, strange and novel. How to make "*good bread*" was thought to belong to the *mother* rather than the school. Money was however contributed, and a permanent interest created in them, and the schools were subsequently honored by several excellent Goshen students. All honor then to the old meeting-house on Goshen hill. Honor to those who built and worshiped within its walls. All honor to those who lived Christian lives and defended the truth, now buried in yonder cemetery. And may honor and truth, their numerous descendants ever equally characterize.

The speech of Mr. Burgess was greatly enjoyed, and was interrupted with frequent and hearty applause.

He was followed by Rev. D. G. Wright, D.D., whose address was listened to with great interest from beginning to end. It was written without time for preparation, a fact which none would have suspected, had it not been stated by the speaker.

ADDRESS BY REV. D. G. WRIGHT, D. D.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Your Committee some weeks ago honored me with a request to be present on this occasion as one of the *links* in the chain by which they wish to connect the present generation with those past; and by so doing, help deepen an interest in the virtues of those who here, one hundred years ago, organized a society and church, and in the years subsequent laid foundations on which you have builded, and where you are enjoying the fruits of their wisdom and piety in such rich profusion. And since coming here your Committee have done me further honor by asking me to give some reminiscences of the ancients of this town which come within my knowledge.

Though unwilling to occupy time that might be better filled by others, I have pencilled some points as they occurred, that I might present them in a more methodical form than I could hope to do in an extemporaneous effort. Yet it would have been more appropriate for a lineal descendant of the fathers of this beautiful town to occupy the time allotted to me; but, although not to the manor born, I confess I feel very much at home this day among my betters, and am happy to enhance, if I may be so fortunate in any degree, the pleasures of the occasion by what I may say of the olden time. For by right of memory, at least, I have an inheritance among present dwellers upon these grand old hills and in these beautiful valleys. And although an absentee from Goshen for half a century with the exception of one brief day's call, and a stranger to a vast majority of those present, yet the name of almost every old family here represented as denizens of the dear old town, was engraved on memory's tablet, where my heart in childhood and youth, with mates now gone within the veil, was mingled love and mirth together, and we learned the book and turned its leaves with folly's feather, and where the saddest emotion my bosom had known, was pity for those who were wiser than I. So that as I stand here, there passes before me as in a panoramic shape the homes and forms of venerable men and lovely women who were

here in my boyhood's days. Yet, alas ! those fathers and mothers of stalworth virtue and piety, as well as form, meet not our sight. But in memory they live, and it is meet and right thus to commemorate their worth, and reverently lay our tribute of affection and gratitude upon their hallowed graves. And if we, dearly beloved old friends, relics of the past as we are, though I hope not deemed *fossils* by the younger portion of this assembly, if we may serve to bring past and present in more close communion, and recall the principles which inspired the founders and builders of church and society in Chesterfield Gore, our centennial celebration will not be in vain.

But endeavoring to promote such an end, it may seem too egotistical in reference to myself, as I necessarily must ; but even that may be pardoned in one who for almost six-tenths of the time since its incorporation has known more or less of the town, and who for years was a resident. Others who have passed life here and known its later history, are better qualified to speak of that than I am. Yet few of the Old Boys of sixty years ago knew more, perhaps not so much, of families and individuals as my humble self. Family position gave larger opportunities for such knowledge than others differently situated possessed. For you, my friends, may not be aware the sons of ministers were considered smart, — smart I mean “to cut up,” as the phrase then was, and also be every where and see every thing with which perhaps they had no business and so contrived to pick up a knowledge of folks and things, of individual and family traits, of which their really superior and more sedate companions might remain ignorant. This may appear mythical to the youth of this day, when ministers' sons and deacons' daughters are doubtless *models of propriety*; educated as they are in a more refined and cultivated age and so breathing a milder atmosphere than we did ; but that the now *old* adage was once correct, and not slanderous of such persons, may appear from an anecdote of myself. During the only time in which I have been privileged to visit this section some twenty years ago — since my parents removed — I called at the house of one of my father's parishioners and his deacon in the days of his early ministry. The venerable mother in Israel, then verging on fourscore years, could not understand who the stranger before her was. Her son, a play-

mate of my boyhood, at last said : "Mother, have you forgotten Rev. Mr. Wright and his wife, whom you and father loved so much, and with whom you were so intimate ? This is their oldest son." After sitting a few minutes in silence, as if gathering up the threads of memory dropped during some forty years, the little woman turned to me with a beaming countenance and flashing eye, and said,— "Why, sir, you are not that little Grosvenor Wright who used to come here and cut up so like mischief, and find out every thing that was going on, are you ?" And, with shame-facedness, Mr. President, I was forced to confess, "Yes, ma'am, I am he!"

But do you ask what I knew or learned of more interest or importance, what I remember about the dear old folks of a half century ago ?

Ah, if I should attempt to reply in detail, your patience would be exhausted, and the sun would go down ere I could begin to answer. But if you will please bear with an old man's garrulity, let me say that in all my homes for fifty years I do not recall so many stalwart men and lovely women, among a population similar in numbers, as lived in *old* Goshen in my boyhood days. Why, my younger friends of this assembly, there were giants and giantesses in intelligence and moral worth in those days ; and whom ye, however much more cultivated intellectually, and polished in manners, as the term is, than your ancestors were, ye cannot hope to excel ; for a race then toiled in these fields, and a class of women presided as queens in their households, who for noble manhood and womanhood, and that sterling virtue which exalted a people, made it second to no other community. And this assertion brings before my mind's eye persons from whom ye have descended, and of whom any people might be justly proud that such blood flowed in their veins.

My recollection of the ancients goes back to 1821, when such representative men as Deacon Taylor, Esq. White, Major Stone, and Capt. Naramore, were among the oldest inhabitants in Goshen society and church. Their stately forms and dignified mien, but better, their noble characters, yet live before me, fresh as when a boy, I was taught to bow, uncovered and reverently, in the presence of such patriarchal characters. Yet they were all vigorous,

and going in and out among a people proud to recognize their wisdom and influence; who were men of mark wherever seen, in the various relations of life. And of the next generation it may be truly said they were worthy successors of such noble sires. Of that class were prominent the four stalwart Lyman brothers, John Thomas, Capt. Frank and Col. Tim, as we boys perhaps irreverently designated the two latter, each a man of note in his individual sphere; and then the twins, Joseph and Benjamin White, *fratres nobiles*, the like of whom for native nobility and yet simplicity of character I have seldom known; Esq. John Williams and his brother Jonah, men of avoirdupois as well as moral weight; the Parsonses and the younger Naramores, Levi Barrus and Silas Burgess, Asahel Billings and the saintly Jonathan Lyman, the Tiltons and the Packards, Col. Stone and his brother Frederick, Joseph Putney and Capt. James, Capt. Reuben Dresser and his brother Moses, Capts. Wm. and George Abell, the Hosfords, and others I could name, most of whom were leaders of acknowledged ability in the community. Of the good and peculiar traits of such persons I learned in part at the fireside by hearing them discussed by my parents; and in part by my own observation, as I went among them. For, from the age of ten to seventeen years, I lived in many of the families named, for days and in some for months, to acquire that practical knowledge of life which my father felt could be, by a boy, obtained in no other way — wisdom which books could not impart — and to which training I attribute, in a large degree, the foundation for that iron constitution by which I have almost attained my three score years and ten. Picking up stones on Capt. James's farm one season; riding horse to plow, with other spring work, for Noah Hosford and the Whites; and one summer spreading and raking hay for Emmons Putney, and at dinner feasting on his delicious sweet corn, which, he will bear me witness, Dr. Wright once said at his table, a boy of my age might eat a dozen such ears and not hurt him, and in yet another spring gathering sap and chopping wood and tending kettles in the maple bush, and not unfrequently syruing off at midnight and carrying the sweet stuff to the house with no companion but old dog Towser, while the master, Uncle Daniel Williams in the meantime being away keeping vigils with some beautiful damsel, and sipping from her

words, if not lips, a nectar sweeter far for him than I bore on my neck-yoked shoulders; or working as I did subsequently for that wise farmer and genial man, Uncle Reuben Smith, summer after summer, until by studying in autumns and winters, I was fitted for college. But all these advantages not only tended to make me what I am as a man, bodily and mentally, but afforded opportunities for studying character and acquiring a knowledge of the people at large, which a boy who had a home where childhood and youth were passed in his parent's employment, did not possess.

But pardon, I pray you, Mr. President, this seeming egotism. I have indulged in it not for self's sake, but that the grandchildren and great grandchildren of such ancestors may in a measure understand how I believe boys should be trained, but also, how as a boy, I came to know so well the inhabitants of those old homes; and to comprehend what reason I had then to esteem them, and they now have to venerate the memory of such men and women.

Another feature of the elden time, besides work, do I recall in connection with some of the names mentioned, viz.: how Goshen folks were regarded by others as a class of citizens superior to what was usually found in a strictly farming community. I refer to Education. Few towns of its size, at that day, paid so much attention to the mental cultivation of the young. Not only were the district schools in advance of some of its neighbors, but for many an autumn, a select school was sustained for the benefit of advanced pupils, and taught by men of superior education and experience from Amherst College, and by which benefits of inestimable value were conferred not only upon us residents, but also upon those who, from other towns, came as students. Again, fifty years ago Goshen folks were a decidedly religious people. Often did I hear pastors of other parishes, such as the wise and devout Hallock of Plainfield, the pure, saintly Shepard of Ashfield, and the scholarly, godly Waters of Chesterfield, and others, speak of the remarkably intelligent and attentive congregations in the old meeting-house, when they exchanged pulpits with my now sainted father; of course not to the disparagement of their own congregations, but as a matter of common remark respecting that one. And as I recall the devout aspect of those who were wont to assemble there Sunday after Sunday, I am sure the judgment of the minis-

ters whom I have named was just. And perhaps one cause of the fondness for, and devotion in, their house of prayer, was the unsurpassed music which the great choir, filling much space in the three sided gallery, produced. The Billings brothers, the Stone sisters and the Smith family, the James daughters — noble men and beautiful women,— were acknowledged leaders in sacred song. And nowhere in modern times have I heard such singing as that choir produced with such old Fugue tunes, such as Mear, Barby, Dundee and Coronation, sung as they were, not only in a style indicative of native taste and artistic skill, but with an unction as if from on high, voices rich and melodious in themselves, but as cultivated far beyond what was found in other choirs. How I remember to have heard "Singing Master" White, a noted teacher in those days from Williamsburgh, remark that probably there was more musical talent in Goshen, especially in families which I have named, than could be found among the same number of people in any similar community in the country. And the beauty of all was that talent was so used in the house of God as to purify the affections and inspire devotion, while elevating the tone of morals in the whole society. Thus, in *all* the relations of life, the fathers and mothers of that age, in their several spheres, excelled, and were models from which their descendants have copied, or ought to have done,—and by whose influence they have become what they are in all that is manly and womanly.

Of the deep-toned piety of that people at large I *could* speak more, and of the *morals* as a whole I may.

Uprightness, honesty, temperance and charity characterized them. Temperate as a community, they were not as the word is used in these days. For as they understood the word of God, sobriety was the rule taught then, not abstinence. Cider was freely used by the best families, and in haying and harvesting, "good old Jamaica" was deemed as essential as were white wheaten loaf, or corn bread and doughnuts, the salt mackerel, of which a good supply was always provided; pork and beans, as well as the corned beef, which the good housewives knew so deftly how to make appetizing for their husbands, who were toiling under the sun's scorching rays. And I remember having seen but *one* man drunk in the land of Goshen during my sojourn in its borders. But he lived

nearer the centre of another town than this, and coming from a general training was found in a ditch upon its borders. A good Samaritan of Goshen passing by, heard his maudlin call for help, and after lifting him out, asked his name. The reply given as a drunken man only could, interrogatively,—“Amidown?” His helper not understanding him, again asked, “What is your name?” “Amidown!” was the repeated reply to the repeated questions, till the Goshenite, disgusted, left the poor inebriate to care for himself, saying, “Yes, you poor fool, you are *down*, and there you may lie if you will not tell your name.” It is true that liquor was sold and used in Goshen, but it was a common remark that it was not high proof spirits, but well watered. And indeed I often heard it asserted that one conscientious seller used every morning to ask his clerk, “Have you watered the rum?” and if the answer was satisfactory, the next words were, “Come in to prayers and breakfast.”

I recall another anecdote told of one of my father's parishioners. His good wife thought he was becoming a little too fond of the creature, and as he stood in wholesome awe of her wifely right to remonstrate, having had his jug filled in the evening with “New England,” to assist him and his neighbors the next day in killing his hogs; instead of carrying it into the house, as the night was mild, suspended it upon the branch of a tree back of the pigpen, where it was not likely to be seen by his spouse. But one of those sudden changes for which Goshen climate then was noted occurred in the night; and when the hospitable man went for it in the morning, to his dismay, he found that Jack Frost had emptied the jug, or at least, naught but the neck and handle remained upon the branch where he had left his precious stuff,—the balance of the jug having been bursted by expansion of the water contained in the liquor.

But, Mr. President, pardon this digression. I have ventured to relate the fact, to show that even a rumseller in those days had due regard to the temperance of his customers. Would that the same might be said of other such men in these degenerate days. But I am wearying your patience. My wish has been, in compliance with your request, to show the generation, at least in outline, what I knew of their progenitors, and how even *their* faults leaned to vir-

true's side, and so help to deepen a pride of ancestry, and so awaken an aspiration to imitate all which was good and true for the same proud eminence on which they stood— whether individually or as a body politic, such as it was my privilege and honor to know they occupied.

Such should be the influence of the services of this Centennial, Mr. President, to make better the living by commemorating the virtues of the departed. Then our assembling here will not have been an empty form and meaningless; and when the second centennial of this goodly town shall be commemorated by those who shall have descended from you, my hearers, and the question be asked by them respecting you, their progenitors, "The Fathers, what were they," an answer may be returned, such as has been uttered to-day of our predecessors, even this, "Having fulfilled the mission assigned them in their several ages, and kept the faith alike with God and man, they rest from their labors; and as for their works, they follow them."

HON. C. R. LADD.

Hon. Chas. R. Ladd, State Auditor, being introduced by the President, said that he was not connected with Goshen by descent, marriage or residence, but he thought he could come in fairly under the head, "otherwise." He was glad to be here to meet his friend Barrus, President of the day, with whom he had been pleasantly associated two years since, while both were members of the General Court. They were often on opposite sides of questions under consideration, but Mr. Barrus would carry the day every time.

Many years ago, being in need of rest, he decided to leave the city for a few days, during Independence week, for some quiet town where the usual din of celebration would not be found. He thought Goshen must be such a place, and to Goshen he came. But the church bell at midnight began to ring, and he found the Goshen boys full as patriotic, and as noisy in their demonstration, as the city boys.

REV. D. W. WALDRON.

Rev. D. W. Waldron, city missionary of Boston, spoke a few earnest words, embodying the thought that righteousness exalteth a people, and urging the young to walk in that way. It is to be regretted that a full report of his brief address cannot be had.

In introducing the next speaker the President said :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—We have with us one of the solid men of Boston, a retired merchant, retired from business, but not from service, as you will understand, when I say he has served several terms in the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives ; is one of the Trustees of Williams College and President of the College Alumni Association of Boston ; President of the Congregational Club and of the City Missionary Society of Boston, a genuine native of Goshen, but who made the mistake of a life-time by being born in another town : the Hon. James White.

After the applause, which greeted this announcement and the rising of the speaker, had subsided, Mr. White took the stand and spoke to the following effect.

 ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES WHITE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—It would be more agreeable to me if some other than myself were here to speak for our family. Both of my sisters and my brother Joseph, who greatly desired to be present with you to-day, and was prevented by business engagements, are natives of this town ; but as our parents removed to Hinsdale two or three months before having a second son, it was no fault of mine that I was not born in Goshen.

My father spent here the first forty years of his life, and was

never fully weaned from his early home. From him I was accustomed in boyhood to hear much about this people, and from frequent visits at my uncle Benjamin's, it was my privilege to know some of them. To me, at that time, Goshen seemed a large part of the world outside my native town. I felt very much as one of my cousins expressed himself after his first visit to New York City. "He knew," he said, "that there were some folks down in Williamsburg, and a good many in Northampton, but still before seeing the city he had always supposed that the greater part of the people lived in Goshen." And to-day it does not seem strange to me to hear that so many of her sons and daughters have attained positions of eminence in the world. The conditions were here,—they breathed this invigorating mountain air; they climbed these hills and became physically strong; they took in these magnificent views and got inspiration from them; they were trained to habits of industry and economy; in the family, the school and the church, they were taught the great principles of morality and religion. Here were laid the foundations of those personal character, whose symmetry and beauty challenge our admiration. And for myself, as I failed to be born here, I want to say that I agree with a man who lived in the eastern part of the State, and was regarded by his neighbors as not ordinarily bright. They were accustomed to compliment him on his promising son, saying, among other pleasant things, that he ought to be educated, and were not careful to conceal their surprise that *he* should be the father of such a boy; to whom he always replied: "Well, its all '*hereditary*.'" So, if you have not already forgotten the complimentary allusions of your presiding officer as he introduced me, you will please bear in mind that it is all "*hereditary*" and remember my indebtedness to those who lived in Goshen.

It was the original purpose of my father and his twin brother, Benjamin, to obtain a liberal education. Alpheus Naramore, who married my aunt Marcy White, had been relied upon to carry on the farm and to care for the parents. His death, while they were preparing for college under the instruction of their pastor, Rev. Mr. Whitman, compelled them to change their plan and to become farmers.

Before his removal to Hinsdale, my father, for several months,

kept the hotel at the centre of the town, but gave up the business because, as my mother says, "he *would not* sell liquor." This was about fifty-five years ago, and, for that time, was a conspicuous example of temperance principles. I trust you will appreciate your obligations to my father for refusing to sell rum to your ancestors.

GOV. JOHN D. LONG.

The arrival of the Governor led Mr. White to close his speech quite abruptly. His Excellency was greeted with three cheers from the large audience which had patiently waited his coming as one of the leading attractions of the day. The band played "Hail to the Chief," and he was introduced to the audience amid rounds of applause. He spoke ten or fifteen minutes, and said many pleasant things, as he always does. He said that among the reasons why he was pleased to come, was the fact that he was born in just such a hill town in another State, and therefore the memories of his boyhood were brought vividly before him. He gave evidence of some familiarity with the history of the town, and alluded to some of its early settlers, who came from Bridgewater, Abington, Weymouth, Cohasset, and Hingham where he now resides. He made an apt illustration of the large reservoir of water but a short distance from the grove, comparing it to the men found in the hill towns who have been to the commonwealth a reservoir of good character, of education, of industrial growth, and of those abiding principles which make the nation what it is. He reminded his hearers that the past with all its teachings has no effective value unless it furnishes lessons for the years to come; lessons which shall continue to assist in developing the Christian virtues of the living. The people of these hills have made education the foundation stone of all their prosperity, and we must gather fruit from the past, and take courage for the future. His remarks were lis-

tened to with close attention, the people pressing around him as, mounted upon one of the tables on which the banquet had been spread beneath the towering maples, he addressed them. After his speech the Governor and his party partook of refreshments, and soon afterward returned to Northampton, where he spent the night with Councillor Edwards, going to the anniversary exercises at Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary the next day.

SPEECH OF SILAS A. BURGESS, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—After having listened to the able historical oration, the interesting remarks and reminiscences of the eminent clergymen, and the brilliant oratorical displays of the official gentlemen from the city of Boston; and having been soothed and charmed by the beautiful poems produced by the women, eminent in literature, whose nativity is an additional honor to this town; and above all, having seen and heard His Excellency, the Governor, and listened with delight to his eloquent words, I can scarcely succeed in “making my little speech,” except to aid in dispersing the people who have enjoyed the feast so richly furnished, consisting of bountiful supplies of food for both body and mind.

But I am pleased and thankful to be permitted this opportunity of standing for a brief moment before you, upon my own native soil, and recalling the memories of my old school mates, with whom, during some six years of childhood, I was associated in the study of “Webster’s Spelling Book” and “Colburn’s Arithmetic,” in this beautiful old school house, in sliding down this hill where we now stand, in skating on yonder pond, and in climbing the symmetrical beech, birch and maple trees of this beautiful grove, while flocks of native birds “discoursed the sweetest music!” Where now are those loved playmates? Some of them I have this day met on these grounds, and, although the frosts of some fifty winters

have whitened their heads, still in their expression — the peculiar twinkle of the eye, and the arching eyebrow — I recognize the same playful spirit and youthful flow of soul. The jokes, the boyish tricks and speeches, and the never ending disposition to make fun, in and out of school; the nick-names bestowed upon each boy and girl attending school by its leading spirit and “genius,” have not been forgotten. But alas! some of those dear companions are not present, some have “gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns.” Let us keep their memory fresh and sweet.

For two things I am especially thankful and proud. First, that I am a member of the great human family, and second, that I was born in this town of Goshen. The fundamental principles of our system of government are better understood and more uniformly practised by the inhabitants of such rural towns as Goshen, than by those of cities and manufacturing communities. The agricultural pursuits and invigorating climate tend to develop, among these hills, a strong physique, sound judgment, high moral character, with ardent love for liberty and the cultivation of the principles of equity and self-government. Although Goshen cannot boast of large accumulations of money and property, she can point with becoming self-respect to her influence in sustaining order and good government, to her strict adherence to honesty and integrity in her methods of business and social intercourse, her industry and prudence; and to the great and paramount fact, that to her people and those of similar character, citizens of this Republic, is due the existence, salvation, perpetuity and purity of our body politic, as established by our fathers, upon the one great Christian principle, that “All men are born free and equal!”

The magnificent works of art, displayed in the erection of churches and public buildings, the palatial residences with all their brilliant surroundings, and high and fast styles of living, found in our large cities, are of much less worth and true value than the integrity, honesty, and firm moral character which are found so well developed among the people who inhabit these hills. Even the great city of New York is dependent, for its magnificence, its thought and character, and for its physical, intellectual and moral power, upon the rural districts, and could not sustain itself without these aids from beyond its boundaries, for a single century. His-

tory teaches that the customs of cities tend to the enervation and deterioration of the people, while on the contrary, the habits and pursuits of the rural population promote vigor of both mind and body. The fate of old Rome is a conspicuous illustration of this important fact. Let us be thankful that our lives have been blessed with such an excellent nativity, that we have been taught to love and honor the glorious principles of liberty and equality established and incorporated in the constitution and fundamental laws of our country. These priceless gifts are above all material value, they come from the spirit of Christ, and so long as these grand old hills shall continue to be inhabited by the descendants of the Puritan fathers and the heroes of 1776, teaching and practising the true principles of equality, righteousness and self-government, our Republican system is safe.

Good-bye, and God be with you !

REV. AMOS DRESSER

Spoke briefly but eloquently on the theme — "Goshen's contribution of men for the world's conversion." It is regretted that no report of his address was secured.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB

Read an exquisite little poem, written while on her way from New York to the Centennial. The want of a copy prevents its publication.

LETTERS AND SENTIMENTS.

Letters were received from many former residents of the town and others, which, for want of time, were not publicly read. The following extracts from a large portion of them are of sufficient interest to be preserved as belonging to the occasion:

Ames, Iowa, June 10, 1881.

. . . . Your card, inviting me to join you in celebrating the 100th anniversary of Goshen from which I have been absent nearly thirty years, gave me a degree of homesickness I never before experienced. . . . Goshen is represented from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and I cannot recall a single person to mind who has gone out from her but who has been an honor to her. . . . While absent in body I shall be present in spirit.

H. R. BARDWELL.

Virden, Ill., April 18.

. . . . Massachusetts, as a historic State, and Goshen as a familiar town, are vividly associated with the traditional memories of my childhood. The very names of your Committee were among the familiar names I heard when "Uncle White," Mr. Dwight, Rev. Amos Dresser, and other Old Hampshire Co. people came and talked over ancient times with my parents in the old log house in Brecksville. I should take most genuine pleasure in being present and seeing those rock-bound hills and the kindred faces so familiar and yet so unknown. . . .

C. H. COGSWELL.

Pittsfield, Mass., June 17, 1881.

ALVAN BARRIS.—MY DEAR SIR:—I have delayed till now an answer to your kind invitation to be present at the centennial of your town on the 22nd inst., in the hope that I could find it in my power to attend. But professional engagements long deferred will deprive me of that pleasure. The occasion cannot fail to be one of great interest to your town people, and the sons and daughters who shall then return to do honor to the venerable mother whose precepts and blessing they had carried with them into the battle of life under other skies.

To the godly life and the ever-present care and teachings of one of the daughters of Goshen I am indebted beyond measure or words, and

to the home of my mother's early womanhood I would turn with some offering of homage and gratitude on its centennial birthday.

The town is the root and source of strength to the State—the springs which supply the stream. Take care that the root does not dry up and wither, and that the springs are kept ever full and clear.

I am truly yours,

H. L. DAWES.

Ann Arbor, Mich., June 18, 1881.

ALVAN BARRUS, *Chairman of Committee.*

DEAR SIR:—Your kind note, inviting me to participate in your celebration on the 22d inst., came duly to hand.

This request has awakened in my mind many memories both sad and pleasing, that the lapse of years had quieted into peaceful but not altogether unconscious slumbers.

Goshen was the home of my parents and grandparents. Their ashes repose in your midst. It is also the place of my own nativity. There I spent my childhood, youth and early manhood. Not only the earliest but the dearest associations of my life are connected with her beautiful hills, her lovely valleys, her rocks and streams, her schools, her youth, her business men of more than half a century ago.

Though none of the men and women, and but few of the children of those early days, will be there to celebrate Goshen's first centennial, I assure you that nothing could afford me more pleasure than to be one of your number were it reasonably possible. Since I left there, forty-seven years ago, for a home in the romantic and adventurous West, I have never failed but once to pay my friends and early home an annual visit.* At the present time, deeply as I regret it, my health is not sufficient to allow me the pleasure of uniting with you on this most interesting occasion.

Hoping that your celebration may be the grandest, most inspiring day that dear old Goshen has ever seen, and that she may exist to celebrate many like centennials,

I remain, yours very truly,

LUTHER JAMES.

* Mr. James so far recovered his health that he made his annual visit to his native town in the autumn of this year (1881). He was accompanied by his genial nephew, Mr. James L. Babcock, who spent a portion of his boyhood with his grandparents in Goshen. They were visiting friends in Boston, October 10.

Kenosha, Wis., June 20, 1881.

. . . . I cannot be with you on the 22d, but am impelled to bid you God-speed, and bow respectfully to the familiar hills and forests of Goshen and the dear friends who live among them.

"No home is like our childhood home,
 The prairies bloom more fair,
 And greater wealth of golden corn
 Their fruitful furrows bear.
 But still we love that sterile land
 Of which the satirist's pen
 Declared the products were composed
 Of Granite, Ice and Men."

Three generations of my ancestors rest in Goshen. But be not too sentimental. Our fathers fought for the fertile valleys of the Great West. The flag of the nation floats over them. Encourage enough of the sons of New England to occupy them to Americanize the foreign immigrants, and give our Anglo Saxon tone and stability to our political institutions. Very truly yours, F. W. LYMAN.

Greenfield, June 20, 1881.

.... It would afford me much pleasure to meet old friends, and mingle in the festivities of the occasion.

Much has been said within the past years of the decline of the Hill Towns. It is true the population has decreased to some extent during the last decades, but as regards intelligence, enterprise, and all those qualities which go to make a community truly happy and prosperous, I think the hill towns will compare favorably with other portions of our country, particularly the West, which boasts so much of its greatness and its glory. Where will you find a climate more healthy, or scenery so grand, picturesque and lovely as among the hill towns of New England? As Bryant says in that beautiful Forest Hymn:

"Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
 Communion with his Maker."

Permit me to offer as a sentiment: The town of Goshen—venerable in years, but still clothed in all the beauty of nature in her loveliest mood. Very truly yours, L. L. PIERCE.

Sunderland, Mass., April 18, 1881.

.... When I first came to Goshen, about seventy years ago, there were quite a number of rich men in the town, according to the amount then thought to constitute riches. The inhabitants lived almost entirely upon the products of their farms, raising wool and flax, which the females spun and wove into cloth, furnishing employment at home, till marriage took them away to other homes. The young men were

not afraid to marry them lest they might not be able to support them, for they were *helpmeets*. They were pretty, too, if they did wear pressed flannel dresses in winter and linen in summer. Their surplus flannel and linen was exchanged with the merchant for calico or for cambric to be made into white dresses to be worn on special occasions. The flannel for men's wear was sent to Maj. Stone's, who with his sons were noted clothiers, to be fulled, colored and dressed. "Butternut" color was the prevailing shade for every day wear; indigo blue for Sunday and other occasions. Meats were raised and fattened on the farm, the hides sent to the tannery to make leather for the boots and shoes to be made up for the families by the shoe maker, who often came to the homes to do the work. Money was obtained by selling a colt, or cow, or oftener a pair of oxen, to the river town farmers to be fattened for the Boston market.

A marked change has taken place in public opinion, since those years, regarding the use of intoxicating drinks. In those earlier days ministers and people, male and female, old and young, with few exceptions, thought spirituous liquors almost as necessary as their daily food. It is a wonder that under such conditions, with the added temptation of cider to help form and keep the appetite, that we did not become a community of drunkards.

In 1813 a fever prevailed which carried off a number of people, young and old. Another in 1824, was still more fatal. In a few months there were nineteen deaths of persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five years.

J. MILTON SMITH.

Holyoke, June 20, 1881.

MR. ALVAN BARRIS, MY DEAR SIR:—Please accept thanks on behalf of your associate committee for their cordial invitation to participate in the centennial celebration of your town.

My former somewhat prolonged residence there, and the large experience of my family of the generosity and hospitality of its inhabitants, together with the *abiding interest* I have ever cherished in what ever promised to contribute to her prosperity and honor, have enkindled within me an earnest desire to accept of your invitation, and participate in this joyous occasion. But the fatigues of a long journey, just endured, together with the infirmities of age, which are now walking with me hand in hand, constrain me to forego the pleasure. But allow me to give you the following sentiment for your consideration, to wit: Goshen's honored dead in the last century. Happy and honorable will be the Goshen of the coming century if they shall maintain the virtues of those who have preceded them in the past century.

Wishing you much joyous satisfaction on the memorable 22d inst.,

allow me to subscribe myself cordially your friend and former pastor
of the church in Goshen.

J. C. THOMPSON.

Cobden, Union Co., Ill., June 10, 1881.

.... I must forego the pleasure of meeting the few surviving friends of nearly fifty years ago. The memories of my own native town are no more sacred to me than those of Goshen, for there I found my better half in the person of one of her best and fairest daughters, a full length portrait of whom may be found in Prov. 31:10-31. The first day of December next will be the fiftieth anniversary of our wedding, and about six months later we united with the Congregational church. Three of our nine children were born in Goshen. The mother and four children the Master has taken to the mansions above. If I am permitted to see the 31st day of August I shall enter my 80th year. God is satisfying me with long life, a happy old age, and has shown me his salvation. I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that I have committed to Him against that day.

E. W. TOWNE.

So. Deerfield, Mass., June 20, 1881.

.... On your ancient hills my honored father* was born in 1792. Of eleven children in his father's family only two survive. . . . Could we but lift the veil and catch some open vision of those early days of the lives and homes of those heroic sons of toil who broke your hardy and rocky soil, planted the church and dotted your hills with school houses, it would be a pleasure indeed. They have left a good record and are resting in the Morning Land.

" And as the rolling years shall pass,
And new-born ages rise,
As other generations look
Upon these hills and skies;"

may your record in the coming century stand as fair and bright as those who left their impress on the past.

MISS L. E. WILLIAMS.

Fon du Lac, Wis., June 18, 1881.

GENTLEMEN:—Your kind invitation to be present and participate in your celebration is received. Although some fifty years have passed since I left your good old town, high up on the mountains (being at that time eleven years of age), my recollection of persons and places are most pleasant. It would give me great pleasure to revisit the scenes where some seven of the happiest years of my childhood were spent; to take by the hand some of my old playmates, as I presume not all have

* Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

yet passed away; to do reverence perhaps to some grey heads now well ripened for the grave, who were then heads of families and active members of the church to which my long-sainted father then ministered, though almost two generations have gone.

Regretting my inability to be with you on that joyous occasion, I remain, with best wishes for the prosperity, civil and religious of old Goshen.

Yours truly,

T. SPENCER WRIGHT, M. D.

Mills Seminary, California, April 28, 1881.

. . . . It would give me sincere pleasure to unite with you in the festivities of the occasion, and if possible I would take "the wings of the morning" and be there,—and will be in spirit at least.

ELLA M. PINKHAM.

West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., June 20, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am sincerely obliged by the invitation to come up to Goshen on the 22d, and take part in the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of her incorporation. I am a summer neighbor and lover of the old town, and I should most gladly come up and tell my love if it were possible. I can, however, only send you my best wishes. Goshen, by the career of many of her children, has proved that a city set upon a hill cannot be hid; and I trust you will not suspect my temperance principles, if I hope that all her living children may get as high as their mother in the world around them.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

*ALVAN BARRUS, *for the Committee.*

Dennis, Mass, April 26, 1881.

. . . . I certainly ought to be reckoned among those "interested" in your town, although I cannot claim to have resided in Goshen, or to have connection by marriage or descent. Yet the "otherwise" interested will justify my claim. I am aware that Goshen lies adjoining Ashfield and that town was settled mainly by families from Dennis. . . . Thirty-nine years next November since I first visited your hills, and my memory is fresh and vivid with the recollections of that delightful winter spent among your people. Since that time I have sailed far and wide, and mixed with many races, but nowhere upon the green earth have I found warmer hearts or more intelligent heads than among the hills of Hampshire County. I have the kindest recollections of its people, and hope the town of Goshen will enter upon its second century with bright prospects and high hopes.

THOS P. HOWES.

Boston April 26, 1881.

.... As I am not interested in the town by "residence, marriage or descent," I could only claim an interest "otherwise" — as for instance, from a pleasant acquaintance with "Mr. Barrus of Goshen." I should be happy to make that an excuse for attending if I could spare the time. If I can I will.

GEO. A. MARDEN.

(Clerk of the Mass. House of Representatives.)

State House, Boston, April 19, 1881. }
Office of Secretary of the Commonwealth. }

I cannot claim to be a son of Goshen at the time of your anniversary. unless meantime the town should *adopt* me, in which event I would come up, bring the original charter and read it, if the committee on order of exercises should so arrange.

HENRY B. PIERCE.

Boston, June 21, 1881.

.... I depended on seeing your town and your people. Perhaps I should have found some message from the Plymouth Pilgrims to the people of the hill towns, who, I believe, stand pretty firmly by the faith of the Pilgrims. But the railroads which generally favor communication, keep me away, and I can only send regrets, and a hope that there may be "no hail in Goshen," nor anything to mar the pleasures of the day.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

Boston, April 19, 1881.

.... The one-hundredth birthday of a Massachusetts town is always a matter of more than local interest; and the acknowledged beauty of your portion of the State, especially in the month of June, enhances my long-felt desire to be present at your centennial. I shall try to avail myself of the privilege now so kindly offered me.

A. J. C. SOWDON.

Billerica, June 15, 1881.

GENTLEMEN:—I am sorry to say that business engagements will prevent an acceptance of your invitation to be present on Wednesday next. It was my fortune when a young man to have among my acquaintances some of the good people of your town, and I have always felt a special interest in its welfare; and I much regret that I cannot be present on the coming festival occasion.

I hope every thing will pass off as well as the most enthusiastic friends of Goshen can desire.

THOMAS TALBOT.

Boston, April 18, 1881.

. . . . Your very kind invitation to all persons interested in your beautiful town, either by residence, marriage, descent or otherwise, to participate in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of her incorporation, is received. I am "otherwise" interested in Goshen, mainly through my respect and esteem for your chairman, and I regret that I shall be unable to witness your festivities. May the success of your celebration be unrivalled, and may the town of Goshen enter, under the happiest auspices, upon her second century.

With sincere regard and many thanks for your courtesy,

Very respectfully yours,

LEVI C. WADE.

INCIDENTS OF THE CENTENNIAL.

Hon. Henry B. Pierce, Secretary of the Commonwealth, sent a beautiful *fac simile* copy of the original act of incorporation of the town, which was not received in season to be used in the exercises, but which will be duly framed and preserved for use at the next centennial. The Secretary had intended to be present and read the document as announced, but sent his regrets at his inability to be present on account of the severe illness of his wife.

Representative Sidney Strong of Northampton placed the people of Goshen and vicinity under lasting obligations, which they fully appreciate, for his successful efforts in enabling Governor Long to be present at the centennial. When it was known that the Governor was to attend the graduating exercises at the Agricultural College in Amherst in the forenoon of that day, many thought that he would not be able to reach Goshen before the close of the exercises, if at all. Mr. Strong saw the dilemma, and kindly perfected arrangements, on his own responsibility, by which the Governor was able to fulfil his appointment on time. He was brought over from Amherst in company with Councillor Woods, and from Northampton he was taken in Jacob Holley's elegant turnout to Goshen. He was accompanied from Amherst by Adjutant-General A. Hun Berry, and from Northampton by Representative Strong and Ex-Councillor Edwards. The Governor, on being told how much the people of Goshen had set their hearts upon his being with them at their celebration, made special exertions to comply with their wishes. In order to do that, he was compelled to give up his dinner until such time as he could reach Goshen, which was nearly 4 o'clock. And then, the impatient people there, who had been looking for him all day, called upon him for a speech before he had had an opportunity to get anything to eat. The Governor will always be kindly remembered by the people of Goshen.

Among the noticeable features of the occasion was the presence of a large number of veterans of the late war under command of

Capt. Tileston of Williamsburg. They marched in the procession and were provided with entertainment at the tables. The lateness of the hour prevented a full report as to the different regiments represented, which was prepared by Capt. Tileston. The intended recognition of the soldiers by appropriate addresses was consequently omitted, but was splendidly atoned for by a few eloquent words from Gov. Long, to whom they were severally introduced.

Among the distinguished persons from abroad who were prevented from speaking by want of time, were Gen. H. S. Briggs, Adj. Gen. A. Hun Berry, Dea. Benj. F. Burgess of Boston, Gen. Otis of Florence, Editor H. S. Gere, and Col. J. B. Parsons of Northampton, Capt. Richmond of Shelburne Falls, a native of the town, Rev. B. F. Parsons of Georgia, H. L. Naramore of Sharon, Mass., Charles H. Shaw, Esq., of Meriden, Conn., Miles Farr of St. Lawrence Co., N.Y., Lewis Parsons of Minnesota, and others. The prominent citizens of all the surrounding towns were present, and many from towns more distant.

The oldest native of the town present was Mrs. Dolly White Engram of Chesterfield, wife of Otis Engram, her age being nearly 92 years.

Mr. Eben Edwards of Northampton added materially to the bill of fare at the dinner in the grove, by presenting a quantity of ripe, luscious strawberries.

Mr. Luther James of Ann Arbor, Mich., responded to his "Welcome Home" by sending a check for fifty dollars towards defraying the expenses of the day, regretting very much his inability to be present.

(Extracts from the Springfield Union.)

GOSHEN'S CENTENNIAL.

A HAPPY DAY FOR THE HILL DWELLERS.

(From our own Reporter).

Goshen, Wednesday, June 22, 1881.

The good town of Goshen, high on the hills of Western Hampshire, celebrated, to-day, with appropriate observances, the 100th anniversary of its municipal existence, and a right joyous occasion it has been, an anniversary significant with much of historic interest. Coming here, to-day, to find banners, music, a procession, an assemblage of thousands, well-prepared addresses, and a royal feast not exceeded in abundance and richness by "the fat of the land" of that other Goshen of ancient days, one would be struck with wonder and ask, "What does all this mean?" He would have been filled with wonder that should give place to admiration as the historian of the day recounted the deeds of the fathers, and song and other ceremonials made known the full significance of the occasion. Such a lesson was this centennial to any present who might have disposed to sneer at "that little town of Goshen." Subtracting, if need be, something for local pride, the centennial of this town gives, with similar occasions in other towns, an index to the importance of those communities in the make-up of the whole body politic of the State, and points to the source of much that is best in New England life.

Goshen was, of course, represented by the "whole happy population." Cummington, which celebrated its centennial but a few years ago, was largely represented on this occasion, and some came from Worthington, Plainfield, Ashfield, Hawley, Conway, Williamsburg and Northampton. For a week or more the stages traversing the mountain routes have been bringing home the sons and daughters of the town, and on every hill and in every glade the dwellings have witnessed the greetings of re-united families, a pleasant foretaste of the joyous demonstration of to-day.

Bright and early, in spite of the severe and unseasonable cold,

the people of Goshen and a dozen other towns began to assemble, this morning, at the Center, to be ready to join in the procession at 10 o'clock, to march, under the marshalship of Mr. Lyman, three-fourths of a mile north-west to the grove selected as the place of meeting, where a platform and seats had been prepared for the literary exercises, with five long tables not far away for the spread, prepared with a great deal of painstaking by the ladies of Goshen.

Ex-Representative Alvan Barrus was president of the day, and officiated with promptness and propriety on the occasion, welcoming the people in a neat and appropriate address, and handling the details of the programme with good taste. Rev. J. E. M. Wright, the new pastor of the old church, who officiated as chaplain of the day, came to Goshen from Needham, and passed his boyhood days in Jackson, Me., with Dr. Ezra Abbott of the New Testament revision committee. Rev. Mr. Wright wrote the centennial hymn for the occasion, which was sung to the tune of America by Edward Packard, Rufus C. Dresser and others, the audience joining. Rev. Dr. D. G. Wright, a cultured clergyman of the Episcopal denomination, and rector of the Poughkeepsie female academy, was present to bring out "refreshing remembrances" of 50 years ago in the town of his boyhood, and he did his part well.

The historian of the centennial was Hiram Barrus of Boston, who gave his hearers correct pictures of the homes of the fathers, and to their inspection and admiration portraits of the old worthies. The speaker noted the great interest taken in the cause of missions from the first by the Goshen church, of which the first pastor was Rev. Samuel Whitman, who preached here 30 years. His home was the house for so many years occupied by Emmons Putney, on the main road, not far from the center, and which Mr. Putney is, by the way, a man of no little importance. For well nigh 30 years he had to do with school matters of the town as general committee, he has kept correct weather statistics for 50 years daily, that half century being an addition to the record of 30 years kept by his grandfather, Oliver Taylor, one of the first deacons of the church. Mr. Putney points to the spot (at the corners north of Amos Hawks's) where stood the house inhabited in other days by Adam Beals, one of the men who had a hand in throwing overboard the tea in Boston harbor.

It would be wholly unfair to omit mention of the happy rhythmic

offering by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb for the town of her girlhood on its gala day.

The people all regretted that death had removed from the town one long known to them, who had anticipated much participating in the songs of the centennial celebration, Maj. Joseph Hawks. His Highland House was thronged with visitors on that day and for a week, and besides that many of the people in town kept open house. Some of the visitors remain over until next week. Among those present at the centennial none of those, not "to the manor born," more thoroughly enjoyed the exercises nor more correctly gathered from them the true significance of New-England life and its institutions than did Prof. Arnold A. Zuellig of Switzerland, who, during his sojourn in America, is teaching at Boston, and spending the vacation at the Goshen hotel.

HISTORY OF GOSHEN.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

A few errors occur in the History of Goshen, which the author takes this opportunity to correct.

Page 121, line 10, change 1848 to 1838.

" 148, " 27, " " Professor in Harvard " to Assistant Librarian in Boston Public Library.

Page 162, line 8, change 1850 to 1860.

" 164, " 25, " Feb. 3 to Jan. 14.

" " " 27, " to Cyrus E. died Aug. 10, 1860.

" " " 26, " "near Rochester" to Ilion, Herkimer Co.

Page 220, lines 27, 28, 29, change 1827 to 1831.

" " " 19, should perhaps be Jan. 5.

Miss Emily Joy who married C. C. Grugan had 5 children—2 sons and 3 daughters. The sons, Frank C. and Harry T., returned from Europe, where they had been educated, soon after the breaking out of the civil war. Both enlisted in the service of their country. Frank was one of the staff of Gen. Meade till the close of the war. when he entered the regular service and was on duty in the Yellowstone region for some time, and was afterward transferred to the Signal Corps Department in Philadelphia. He had charge of that department in the Centennial Exhibition, and is now in the service at Fortress Monroe. Harry T. was a faithful and favorite clerk in the War Department for some years, and died in office. Mr. C. C. Grugan, the father, died Nov., 1876.

It is said that Prudence White, a Goshen girl, was the grandmother of Rev. Daniel Merriman of Worcester and of Rev. Dr. W. E. Merriman, formerly president of Ripon college, Wisconsin.

